

# THE CRITIC

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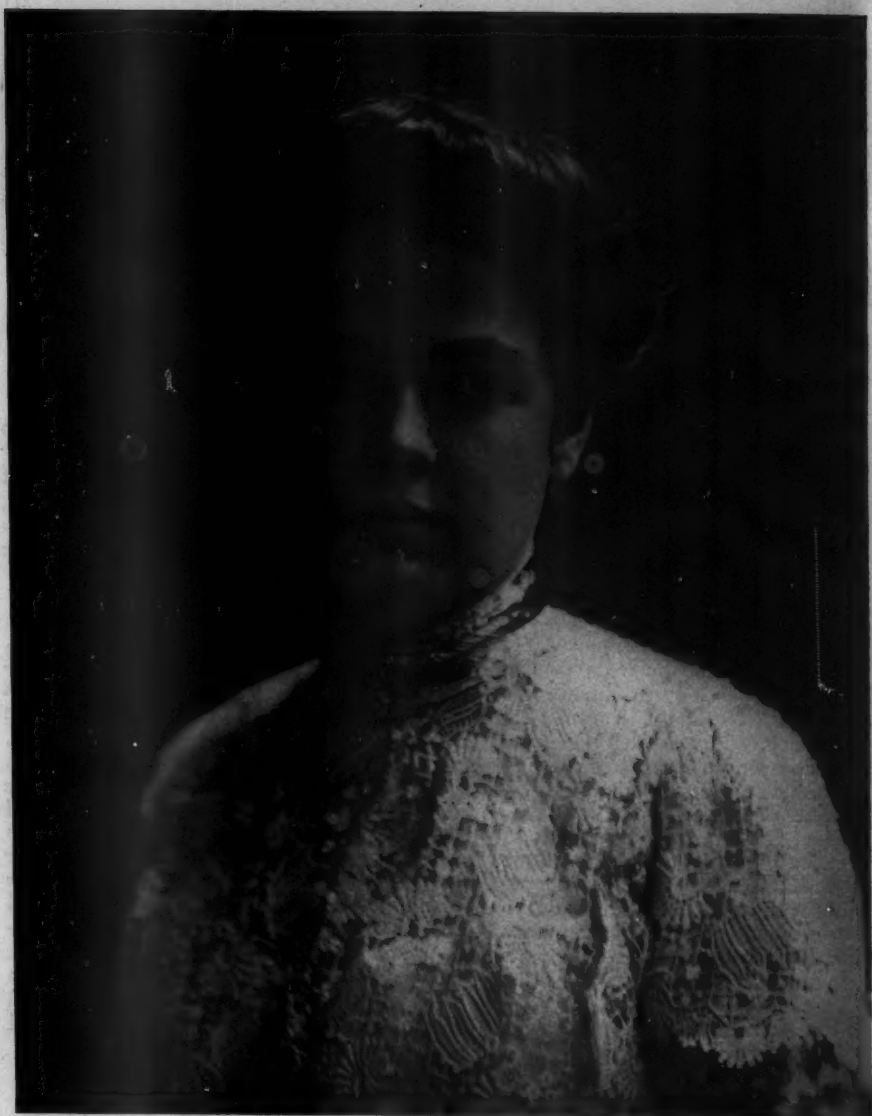
## The Lounger

THE completeness of ex-President Cleveland's withdrawal from political activity is shown by his pre-occupation with literary work. A month ago he put the finishing touches to a paper of about ten thousand words on the Government bond issues that excited considerable controversy during his administration; and he has prepared during the month just closed a similar paper on the strike riots in Chicago, which were ended by his sending troops to protect the mails in transit through that city. The former paper will appear in a single number of the *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia, on May 5; and on May 2 Mr. Cleveland is to deliver the latter as a lecture at Princeton, two months before its publication in *McClure's Magazine*. The publication of a book has been suggested to him, which should be composed of these two essays and two others which appeared a few years since,—one on "The Independence of the Executive," in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and one on the Venezuela boundary case, in the *Century Magazine*, with possibly an additional chapter on the acquisition of Hawaii by the United States. It is possible that this important work will appear some time before the November elections. In the course of the summer, it is likely that Mr. Cleve-

land will devote a part of his leisure to the writing of certain papers on fishing and duck-shooting, in the manner of those that he has already published, from time to time, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Independent*, and the *New York World*.

In his "Brazen Calf," Mr. James L. Ford disclaims to speak with any authority of social life in England. As a matter of fact, he has spent but three months or so in the Mother Country, and that was eight years ago. Much water has flowed over the Atlantic cables since then; but now Mr. Ford has gone to England again, and when he has lived there for three or four months more, he will speak with less diffidence of what the English do, and how they do it. Even a casual acquaintance with English folk and English ways is a handy thing for an American writer to have who touches on social topics; especially if it has been acquired at first hand.

Mrs. Orrin W. Black signs her old name, Margaret Horton Potter, on the title-page of her new novel, "The Flame Gatherers." The story deals with the transmigration of the soul and



MRS. ORRIN W. BLACK (MARGARET HORTON POTTER)

the scene is placed in the India of the thirteenth century, about as difficult a time and scene as it would be possible to choose. Innumerable dry and dusty volumes of the Calcutta Society's proceedings had to be searched to glean a very few facts that were serviceable. In her rather oddly named story there are souls that gather the spiritual flame and souls that gather an earthly flame. In the second part, fifty years later, the hero and heroine are reincarnated in a single person, but the writer's aim is to make the dual identity clearly perceptible. Many of her own favorite beliefs and speculations, she says, are embodied in this story. It was of absorbing interest to her while at work on it, but now that it is off her hands she cares little what becomes of it, and is as completely wrapped up in another piece of work.

For a young woman of twenty-two, a newly married woman, and a woman with a large social circle to revolve in, Mrs. Black is a most indefatigable worker.

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Every one who has read "The Fat of the Land" will be interested in this portrait of Dr. John Williams Streeter, the author. The book is not a fairy tale, as the casual reader might suppose, but is the true story of the author's experiment in farming. Dr. Streeter began at the top. He had sixty thousand dollars to spend on a farm, and he spent it. The result, according to the figures in his book, was successful. Much can be learned from Dr. Streeter's experience. At the same time there are not many who can begin their farming experiments with sixty thousand dollars, and fewer who can end them with that much.

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The death of Sir Edwin Arnold was hardly a surprise. He was seventy-two years of age and in bad health. For the past few years he has been almost totally blind and suffered from paralysis. Sir Edwin Arnold was not a great poet, but he had much more popularity than many who were, Matthew Arnold,



DR. JOHN WILLIAMS STREETER

for instance, whose audience is as nothing compared to that of Sir Edwin. "The Light of Asia" is Sir Edwin's best known poem. It was published at a time when all eyes were turned towards India, and it was written in a popular vein. It was not so much that the book was written in a popular vein that people bought it as because it was considered the thing to have read it; though many owned the book who never opened its pages. Mr. Arthur Waugh is quite right when he says of "The Light of Asia" that

those who really care for poetry must confess, however, that its qualities are poetically superficial. It owes almost everything to the splendor of its subject, and, while it certainly makes full and even brilliant use of certain aspects of that subject, the use is, after all, artistically elementary. Its warmth, its color, the rich mystical imagery and luscious opulence of many of its passages are indisputable; but, as a study of Buddhism, it is essentially on the surface. It is, as was inevitable, an outsider's study, a piece—shall we say?—of glittering journalism, disguised in a brocaded robe of decorative verse.



MRS. H. A. MITCHELL KEAYS

Mr. Waugh goes on to describe Sir Edwin's work as "glittering journalism," adding that

he was an inspired journalist, with just the typical journalist's talent for hitting upon the effective or showman's side of his subject; but also with all the typical journalist's insensibility to delicate spiritual influences or sensitive gradations of feeling and emotion.

Another death in England that was not altogether unexpected was that of Miss Frances Power Cobbe. Miss Cobbe was in her eighty-third year at the time of her death. While she was a writer, and while her name was largely associated with such women as George Sand, George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, it was really as a philanthropist that she was best known. The story of her own life, which she frankly called "The Life of Frances Power Cobbe," is her most popular book, perhaps for the reason that the other books she wrote were of a more or less scientific nature.

That very interesting Japanese novel, "Nami-Ko" by Kenjiro Tokutomi, translated into English and published in this country by Messrs. Herbert B. Turner & Co., will be published in England by Messrs. Putnam.

Mrs. H. A. Mitchell Keays, the author of "He that Eateth Bread with Me," is said to be a musician of exceptional ability, an art connoisseur whose opinion is sought by experts, as well as a writer. Although a British Canadian born in Woodstock, Ontario, Mrs. Keays now lives at Ann Arbor, where her sons are at college. Her parents were natives of Plymouth, England. Mrs. Keays spent the early part of her life in Canada, but went to England to complete her education, and studied five years in Germany.

Mr. Henry M. Hyde, author of "The Animal Alphabet," and "One Forty Two," and a member of the editorial staff of the Chicago *Tribune*, has written for the *Saturday Evening Post* a short serial called "The Buccaneers—A Story of the Black Flag in Business." A good title in these days of modern financial pirates, robber barons, and goodness knows what all. Another good title, also chosen by a Chicago newspaper man, is "An American in New York," by Mr. Opie Read. Here is veiled irony for you, interpreting the Western attitude towards the Eastern metropolis.

Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall, whose novel, "Saïd, the Fisherman," has just been published by Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co., is said to have "arrived" as far as England is concerned. It now remains for America to bear out the verdict of the mother country. Mr. Pickthall might have chosen a better name for his book, it seems to me, or a better name for his fisherman, for unless the diæresis is placed over the "i" in the fisherman's name it looks as though he were issuing a propaganda. Mr. Pickthall, I am informed by his





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**PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND HIS FOUR SONS**  
(Taken at the White House in March last—see page 459)



MR. MARMADUKE PICKTHALL

publishers, was designed by his family for the diplomatic service, but did not take kindly to it. He did, however, make the attempt in Syria and lived there for five years. There he lived more with the natives than with his own countrymen. He was not long in learning the Syrian language—having a remarkable gift for languages—and this enabled him to live among the people and learn their ways. Mr. Pickthall now lives in England and devotes himself exclusively to literature.

Only a few months ago, Mr. F. Berkeley Smith, the artist-author, moved into a little house in Nineteenth Street east of Irving Place; and now he has moved out of it again, and sailed for France. The house was originally a stable, but a maker of stained glass had occupied it for some time when Mr. Smith took possession. He had not made it habitable, however, and to make a home of it, the new owner ripped out everything except the walls and roof, and remoulded

it nearer to the heart's desire of a married couple of literary and artistic tastes. Mr. Smith was an architect for six years before he set up shop as an author, so it was a comparatively easy task for him to turn an ordinary two-story stable into one of the cosiest and most attractive little houses in New York. Having settled down to enjoy it, however, as one can only enjoy a house of his own designing, he found it necessary to fold up his tent like the veriest nomad, and depart for foreign lands; for such has been the success of his "True Latin Quarter," and "How Paris Amuses Itself," that the publishers of these two books insist on his writing another on the same general theme, and have offered him an irresistible inducement to do it on such lines as will necessitate a two years' sojourn in the city he already knows so well.

Fortunately, Mr. and Mrs. Smith had never given up their studio in the gay capital, and when they arrive there, early in May, their own maid will open the door for them, and bid them a smiling welcome. Buda-Pesth, the subject of Mr. Smith's latest book, is known to him only less well than Paris and New York; and it is possible that London will become equally familiar to him in time; for he is strongly impelled to write of that great town, and his manner of treating his themes is one that renders a first-hand acquaintance imperative. He has just completed the manuscript of a book on the odd, interesting people connected with itinerant shows whom he has known; and is keeping his hand in practice with a number of short stories, and the illustrations to accompany them.

Mr. Smith is, as every one knows, the son of another well-known author-artist, the creator of "Colonel Carter," a man of even greater versatility than the son. His wife, too, is a woman of literary tastes and abilities; a Parisian who took high honors in education, and has of late years been heard as a lecturer



MR. F. BERKELEY SMITH

on French literature in New York and New England drawing-rooms. I envy them their two years in Paris, but I envy also the tenants of the furnished house they leave behind them.

And all that keen and kindly observation of mid-Western village life is his too."

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A correspondent in Chicago writes: "It sounded odd to Chicago ears to read in *The Bookman* that until recently John McCutcheon was best known as George Barr McCutcheon's brother. John McCutcheon had a much more than local reputation long before G. B. took his first steps in Zenda's track—long before the first McKinley campaign. He proved himself a clever writer as well as illustrator in letters from the Philippines, when he found himself unexpectedly there at the time of Dewey's victory. In the text that goes with his 'Social Happenings at Bird Center,' he hit off the country-newspaper style so deliciously that he was generally believed to have had the help of his long-time chum, George Ade. But this is not so. All those ingenious misuses of cut and dried phrases are Mr. McCutcheon's own.

Mr. McCutcheon's cartoons form a sort of pictured serial, with the same characters carried throughout in their little ambitions, successes, and love affairs until the people of Chicago were thoroughly familiar with them and looked for them with a sort of affectionate amusement. For after all most of the people in cities hail from just such towns. There have been as many Bird Center parties and plays in Chicago as there used to be Gibson tableaux, though I doubt if the tableaux had the author taking a part, or George Ade writing a scenario. In the advertisement of the book all the principal characters appear. First marches Mrs. Riley Withersbee, the social leader of Bird Center, President of the Bird Center Woman's Club, Regent of the Bird Center Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and so on. Then come the Reverend Mr. Walpole and his wife, and some of the



MRS. GERTRUDE ATHERTON



"eight rollicking little Walpoles"; next Captain Roscoe Fry, G.A.R., and his wife; then Mr. Smiley Green, the popular undertaker and his wife; next J. Milton Brown, artist, of the Bird Center Tin Type Studios, and his wife, Lucille Ramona, "formerly the daughter of Capt. Roscoe Fry"; then come some of the Bird Center Glee Club, and lastly J. Oscar Fisher, "Ye Editor" of the Bird Center *Argosy*, with the dashing visitor from Chicago whose name I forget. I am sorry the Mysterious Stranger has not kept up with the procession. It was of him that "Ye Editor" said: "We do not know whom he is nor whence he came from."

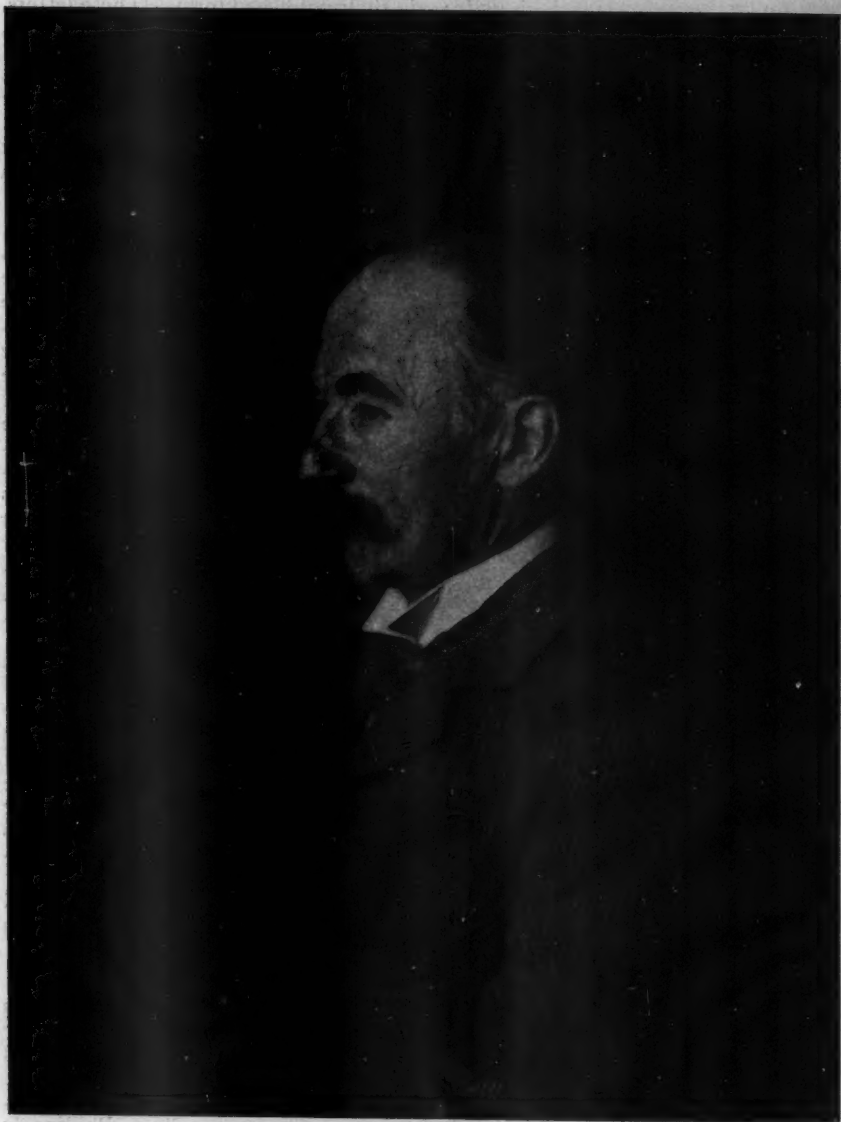
Mrs. Atherton is living in London for the present. She lived in Vienna and studied her subject for "Rulers of Kings" at first hand on the continent during the last two years. She is having a gay time now; everybody seems to be receiving her and giving her dinners, etc. The Writers' (women's) Club in London gave her a luncheon—the first thing of the sort they have ever done. No American woman's work has been as popular in London. Of course it is "Senator North," "The Aristocrats," and "The Conqueror" that have done it. Over the rest drop a vanishing tear.

"The Jessica Letters," which have been running serially through THE CRITIC, will be published in book form by Messrs. Putnam. These letters were printed anonymously in THE CRITIC, and they will be printed anonymously in book form; but I am sure there is no harm in my saying that the male author, who signs himself "Philip," is the literary editor of a leading New York journal and that he is the author of a volume of poetry as well as of essays and special articles that have appeared from time to time in the magazines. The lady who signs herself "Jessica" is a well-known writer living in the South. While "The Jessica Letters" are undoubtedly fiction,

they are founded on fact, and the correspondence really did begin between the editor and the author as indicated in their published form. These letters, as the readers of THE CRITIC know, are something more than a mere story. There are comments on various books, on Dr. Lyman Abbott's addresses, on Hull House, and many other things. It is "Philip" who puts the book through the press and he has written a charming dedication to "Jessica."

Mr. Eden Phillpotts's newly announced book, "The Farm of the Dagger," was written before "The American Prisoner," and its publication in the *Woman's Home Companion* was begun before the appearance of the latter work. It was the first-fruits of the author's absorbing interest in the military prison at Princetown, Dartmoor, and was written, as Mr. Phillpotts expressed it, in order to "get his stride" for the larger work. Though so much smaller and so much simpler in plot than the other book, it has an even greater charm—largely due, perhaps, to its very simplicity. Both stories touch upon the War of 1812. Mr. Phillpotts lives at Torquay, on the Devon coast; but even the moist, mild climate of that beautiful spot is too severe for him in winter, and he escapes from it every year to the south of Europe or the north of Africa. He has never yet visited America, but looks forward to doing so before he is much older. He is an ardent botanist, by the way, and the garden at "Eltham" contains many plants and flowers that he has bought from florists on this side of the water.

That capital writer of short stories who has adopted the name of O. Henry as his *nom de guerre* is about to try his wings in a longer flight of fiction than any he has yet essayed. At the instance of Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co., he has undertaken to produce a novel in which certain scenes and incidents already familiar to his readers will be set in a new light. I shall be surprised if the experiment does not succeed.



**MR. THOMAS HARDY**

Mr. Hardy's latest work, "The Dynasts,"  
is reviewed on page 469

Miss Lillie Hamilton French has hit upon a happier title for the series of papers now running in *The Delineator* than for those recently published in book form by the Century Company. While "My Old Maid's Corner" may be supposed to appeal chiefly to spinsters, few unmarried women would care to receive it as a present; and who would dare to give it to any maid not obviously young? And, even in leap year, the confirmed and avowed old maid might hesitate to ask for the book in a shop, or to leave it conspicuously on her table. Charming as the sketches are, the popularity of the book must be handicapped by its name. No such drawback will exist in the case of the new series, when it appears in book form after the last one is published serially next December. Indeed, a more auspicious title than "The Joy of Living" could not well be thought of.

One of the most popular authors on Messrs. Putnam's list is Miss Myrtle Reed, a young lady of Chicago, who has four or five books to her credit. Her popularity began with "The Love Letters of a Musician." This was so well received that she followed it up with "More Love Letters of a Musician," and, later, with a volume of an entirely different character called "Lavender and Old Lace." Then she departed from this style and wrote a romantic historical novel, founded on the Fort Dearborn massacre, called "The Shadow of Victory." This, although a successful book, was not as well liked as its three predecessors. Her readers preferred her "Love Letters" and "Old Lace" style, so she has gone back to it in a book that Messrs. Putnam will soon publish, called "The Master's Violin." The title of this story suggests the "Love Letters" and "Old Lace" manner, and I am told that the manuscript more than carries out the suggestion. Though Miss Reed has made her success with books of a sentimental nature, she has written magazine articles that are of a decidedly humorous turn, and I believe that she is now planning a book that will be

altogether humorous, which shows her to be a young woman of a decidedly versatile turn of mind.

Writing to a friend in America on the subject of his methods of work, Mr. Egerton Castle remarks:

"To my mind there is nothing more suggestive of romance than scenery. In itself it is often sufficient to suggest, almost spontaneously, action and event and, through that channel, even character. At any rate, I cannot say which of the two factors which play the principal part in romance-building, conception of character and conception of surroundings, has the priority, as a rule, in the starting of a tale on its way. Undoubtedly, at a very early stage, scenery assumes a salient importance. I use the word scenery in its dramatic sense: the physical surroundings of human episodes; the field for the time being of the battle of life, of which 'romance' is the idealized presentment; the background that heightens the color of portrayed emotions; all, in fact, that gives the 'atmosphere' of the tale—a vague word which means, nevertheless, so much in story-telling. By scenery, therefore, I don't understand only the landscape of field or forest, of mountain or waterway or seashore, but also, and to the full as much, the physiognomy of human dwellings, indoors and out.

"It is marvellous how some landscapes, whether placid or grandiose, how certain buildings, arrogantly prosperous or merely cosy and quaint, or fallen, secret and sinister, will irresistibly, suddenly, suggest human comedy or tragedy. I at any rate can never disconnect story from scenery. This is, of course, a hampering weakness; for the perfect human drama, I take it, should be independent of time and place. But scenery I must find complete, either in old memories or in freshly sought impressions, before I can disentangle the living story from the mere dream. My wife, on the other hand, dwells from the first almost solely on the spring of the purely human element. That no doubt is the richer source of inspiration.



MRS. EGERTON CASTLE

Though it may seem antithetical to mine, strangely enough it never clashes, and our joint unravelling of tangled tales always proceeds in harmony. Whatever may be the reader's opinion of the chapters he reads, I feel certain that he would rarely guess correctly what element, in the finished work, was the contribution of one rather than the other collaborator.

"One of the advantages of the literary worker in his field of production, is that he is ever accumulating materials in the shape of impressions by merely walking through life. There is no bet-

ter sowing of growth to come than long solitary rides in the country—solitary they must be, for conversation constantly diverts imagination to fresh and disconnected channels. By the way, I have done much rambling of late. Haunted by the forthcoming romance, 'Rose of the World,' in which we are engaged just now, the greater part of which unfolds itself in an ancient west-country manor-house—a very dreamy house it is, very solitary in a fold of the downs and removed from the world's 'ignoble strife'—I roamed the more remote corners of Dorset, in





MR. EGERTON CASTLE

search of the actual house; knowing it must be there, but not having yet entered it. And, to my intense joy—as luck would have it at the right psychological hour of a warm sunset that glinted back from its windows and hung signals of call from afar—at last I came upon it. I had a sketch made of the place which I send you, with some others from the same district. My wife, when I showed it to her, also recognized the place on the instant as the dwelling of Rosamond—the Rose of the World! It is Winterborna-Anderson, near Bere Regis.

"This Dorset is studded with such 'haunts of ancient peace.' In the Manor House of Blandford St. Mary, by the way,—the original of that delicate and quaint novel of M. E. Francis, 'Manor House Farm,'—which belongs to the author, Mrs. Francis Blundell,

my wife's sister; under those old gables creeper-grown and mellowed by three centuries, we have written more than one volume—among others much of 'The Bath Comedy' and the latter part of 'The Star-Dreamer.'

"The Bath Road (along which are spread the various episodes of 'Incomparable Bellairs's' checkered journey towards a suitable marriage) is a strip of the world which I have ridden nearly to its whole length, at various times. And great would be the harvest, if one had the time and the energy to work out its generous display of themes. For the high-roads of England, with their ancient decaying wayside inns, and their gateways leading through long avenues to century-proud country seats, remain for the mind's eye almost living links with the long-dead past. I daresay this same admirable Bath Road

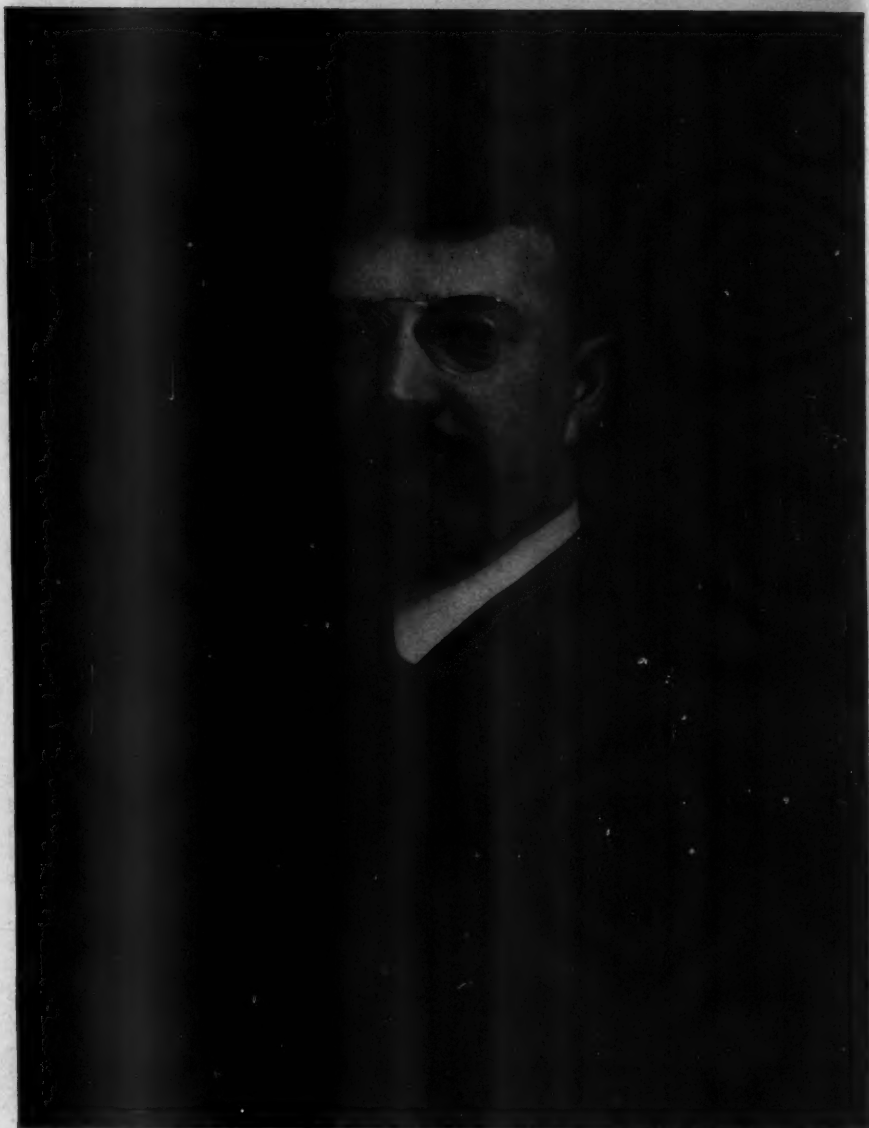


Photo for THE CRITIC by

Hollinger & Co.

**MR. LINCOLN STEFFENS**

The attention of the public has been unusually aroused by the good work of Mr. Steffens in the cause of municipal reform, by his articles in *McClure's Magazine*, notably the series on "Enemies of the Republic." For a sketch of Mr. Steffens's life see page 407

will run again through the scenery of our tales. Up to now it has given us 'The Pelican,' at Speenhamland—that favorite house of call of Mr. O'Hara on his travels from London to his Irish home; and 'Cold-Ash Hill' where the inadequate 'Coppernose' came into play; and 'Elm-Park House,' and also 'Alston-Wood,' those seats of my Lord Mandeville's where so much happened to mould the fate of Rachel Peace; also the cross-roads at 'Alingdown' which witnessed the victory of the bland but muscular Bishop of Bath and Wells; above all, it has given us the immortal 'Bear Inn,' at Devizes, the rooms of which are to this day much what they were when Master Lawrence (the father of him who became later Sir Thomas, president of our Royal Academy) ruined himself by making of it the most perfect and 'genteel' hostelry in the land—it was no wonder that fastidious Kitty should be a noted and welcome guest there.

"All this belongs to 'Incomparable Bellairs' and 'The Bath Comedy'—but the ranging of the Bath Road has also given us 'Bindon-Cheveral' and the mysteriously alluring gate of the 'Herb-Garden'—and it was in the Herb-Garden of Bindon-Cheveral that first was guessed at the romantic existence of 'The Star-Dreamer,' side by side with that of 'The Simpler.'"

Mr. Baillie-Grohman, the author of many books of sport and travel, is the editor of a luxurious volume called "The Master of Game," by Edward, Second Duke of York, which was written between 1406 and 1413, and is the oldest English book on hunting. Mr. Baillie-Grohman was fortunate enough to secure a foreword for his book by President Roosevelt, whom he describes as "a conscientious historian of his own great country, as well as one of its keenest sportsmen." It was the editor's intention first to print this foreword only in the American edition of the book, but, he says, "it soon became evident that this would give to it an advantage which readers in this country would have some reason to complain of." So it was inserted in the English

edition. Only six hundred copies of "The Master of Game" will be issued, of which the half are reserved for subscribers in England, the rest for America and the Continent. Ten of these six hundred copies will be printed on Japanese hand-made vellum paper throughout, and bound by Zaehnsdorf in white vellum. There is little doubt that every one of these six hundred copies will be disposed of, most of them at a premium.

The following paragraph, written by Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, who knows whereof he speaks, will fill the heart of the American author with joy:

Perhaps the great fact at present in the book market is that the United States have stopped buying and reading the works of English authors. This is hardly an exaggeration. Only a very few, of the foremost among our novelists, can have their stories published in serial form in America. The demand in book form, even for the most popular novelists in this country, has shrunk to very small dimensions. Eight or ten years ago the English novelist of standing could count on receiving more than half his income from America, and now he can count on practically no return at all.

An interesting wedding that recently took place in London was that of Miss Janet Penrose Ward, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward, to Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan, third son of Sir George Otto Trevelyan. Mr. Trevelyan is a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and one of the editors of the new *Independent Review*. His wife has just published a translation of Jülicher's "Introduction to the New Testament," published in this country by Messrs. Putnam. Immediately after the wedding of her daughter Mrs. Ward went to Italy to work upon her new novel, "The Marriage of William Ashe," which will begin serially in *Harper's Magazine* for June.

It will not be a surprise to the readers of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novels to hear that she has written a prefatory note to "An Introduction to the New Testament," by Professor Jülicher, of

Marburg, translated by her daughter. "Robert Elsmere" showed that its author was an earnest student of theology; the religious note was strong in "Eleanor," and something very like it was not wholly lacking in "Lady Rose's Daughter." Professor Jülicher is a leader of the extreme liberal school of German higher criticism, and his book presents rather advanced views on the origin of the New Testament.

Mrs. Ward says in her preface: "Let me commend this book to those who feel that on these questions—these critical and literary questions—with which it deals, really depends our future Christianity."

Mr. Guy Wetmore Carryl, who died in this city on the last day of March, was only thirty-one years of age. He graduated from Columbia University in 1895, and began his career as an editor and writer immediately. For the last few years he devoted his time to writing and made a decided success. Some time ago I published a portrait of Mr. Carryl in these pages, with a picture of his bungalow, "Shingle Blessedness," which has since then been destroyed by fire.

Miss Ottilie Liljencrantz has another book about ready for publication. It is a boys' book, dealing with early viking voyages to America, and is to be called "The Vinland Champions." Miss Liljencrantz is Chicago-born, although her father is a Norwegian who for more than a score of years has been assistant government engineer there. His daughter is described as "a frail, slender, young creature, dainty as a doll, with a still, small voice; altogether the last person one would suspect of strenuous stories about sea rovers in the dark ages."

Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys is the publisher of some unusually interesting books. His list is small, but it is select. One of his recent publications is "Maxims" of the Marquis de Vauvenargues, printed in French and English. The book is in two volumes, beautifully printed. The maxims will be found as true to-day as when first they were written.

Mr. Francis W. Halsey, formerly editor of the *Times Saturday Review*, and now literary adviser of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., has recently published a little manual entitled "The Making of a Book," in which those who think they know a great deal on this subject, and those who are sure they know nothing, will find much valuable information.

Mr. John C. Maule of Bristol, Pa., writes of Mr. John F. Cowan's contribution to the March number of THE CRITIC:

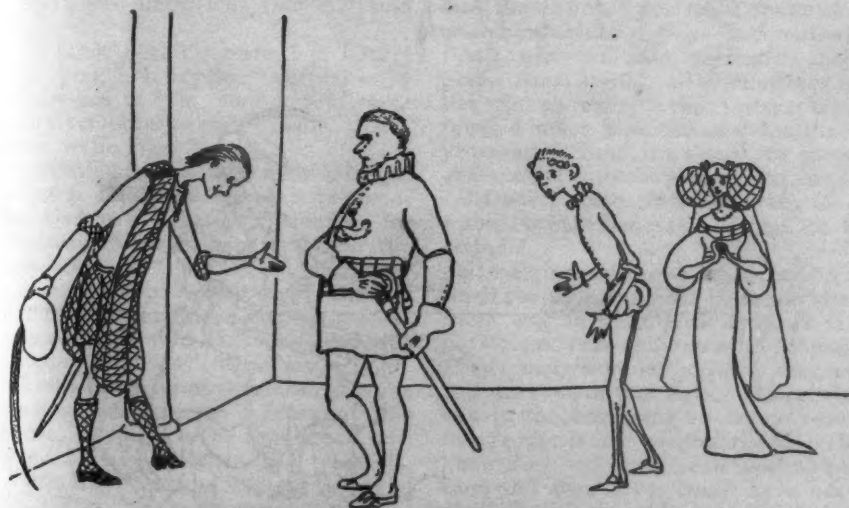
Permit a frequent reader of THE CRITIC to express his appreciation of the "virtuous indignation" of the "peppery old gentleman" so vigorously expressed against the "crazy-quilt" make-up of some of the magazines whose editors ought to know better. 'Tis one of the best things I have ever read, and The Lounger has my thanks. Would that the piece could have the "desired effect."

Mr. George Barr McCutcheon was in New York the other day looking over the publishing field. Mr. McCutcheon has no book on the stocks at present, but when he does take up his pen to write another novel he will probably return to his most successful vein, that of romantic adventure, in the manner of "Graustark." Mr. McCutcheon, by the way, is planning a trip around the world, which proves again, if proof were necessary, that there is no pleasanter life than that of the successful author.





"O YOUNG LOCHINVAR HAS COME OUT OF THE WEST,  
THRO' ALL THE WIDE BORDER HIS STEED WAS THE BEST"



"O COME YE IN PEACE HERE, OR COME YE IN WAR?  
OR TO DANCE AT OUR WEDDING, YOUNG LORD LOCHINVAR!"

A NEW VIEW OF LOCHINVAR BY JOSEPHINE A. MEYER



"SO STATELY HER FORM AND SO LOVELY HER FACE  
THAT NEVER A HALL SUCH A GALLIARD DID GRACE"



"THEY 'LL HAVE FLEET STEEDS THAT FOLLOW,' QUOTH YOUNG LOCHINVAR"

# The Rector of St. George's\*

By JEANNETTE L. GILDER

SOME years ago—I forget just how many—I was walking up Broadway in the dusk of the evening, and at the corner of Fourteenth Street, which was then what Broadway and Twenty-third Street is to-day, I noticed a tall, good-looking man, a blond, well made, and evidently an Englishman, distributing what I thought were advertisements, possibly of some cheap restaurant. "There," said I to myself, "is some Englishman who has come over here and got stranded, and is taking the first job that he can get to earn a night's lodging." I was tempted to go back and speak to him, for something in the man's appearance impressed me favorably; but before I put this impulse into execution I met a friend, and stopped and told him about it. He walked back with me to have a look at the man. No sooner did his eyes rest upon him than he turned toward me with a pitying smile. "Don't you know who that is?" said he.

"I know nothing more than I have told you," I replied, nettled. "I simply see in that man a gentleman who is temporarily embarrassed. Now, what's the joke?"

"Why," he replied, with a laugh, "that is Rainsford, the new rector of St. George's. He is distributing invitations to his mission over on the east side."

I was glad to be put right, and did not regret my unnecessary sympathy. I have never told Dr. Rainsford this anecdote, but I will some day.

I was reminded of this incident while reading "A Preacher's Story of His Work,"† which is Dr. Rainsford's own story of his work in St. George's. When Dr. Rainsford became rector of St. George's, on Stuyvesant Square, he found a fine big church but no congregation. Most of the old members

had moved uptown. The new people, who lived in small apartments, some of them in tenement houses, did not take kindly to the church, and it was gradually falling into decay.

Dr. Rainsford before he was called to St. George's had made a name for himself as the rector of a church in Toronto. His reputation had reached New York, and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and his brother-in-law, Mr. Charles Tracy, who had, I believe, heard him preach there, and made up their minds that he was the man to build up St. George's. He was "called" several times before he came; but having some disagreement with his bishop he finally accepted the call and came to New York to see the wardens, who met him in Mr. Morgan's library. They talked the matter over, and Dr. Rainsford said that he would come on certain conditions. "Name your conditions," said Mr. Morgan; and he did. "First," said the rector, "you must make the church absolutely free—buy out all those who will not surrender their pews; next, abolish all committees in the church except the vestry; and, third, I must have \$10,000 for three years, apart from my salary, to spend as I see fit; my salary I leave to you."

"Done," said Mr. Morgan; and when Mr. Morgan says "Done" it is done.

Dr. Rainsford began to preach to a small congregation, and he thinks that there was an advantage in this. He did not open the galleries of the church at all; there were no curiosity seekers, and the growth was slow. He started out in the beginning to try to reach the people in the neighborhood. He knew they had never been reached before, and they never could have been reached with the old pew church system. Since Dr. Rainsford came to New York forty churches below Twentieth Street have moved uptown, and over three hundred thousand people have moved into that section of the

\* See Frontispiece.

† "A Preacher's Story of His Work." By W. S. Rainsford. The Outlook Co.

city from which the forty churches have gone. "That," says Dr. Rainsford, "is the great mistake the Protestant churches have made. They are all alike—Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists—their whole idea of church relation is based on the family that can live in a twenty-foot house. As soon as that social unit moves away from them they are lost."

It was not all plain sailing for Dr. Rainsford when he began his work. He had a pretty rough element to deal with on the east side. The inhabitants of Avenue A resented his missionary work. His first mission was a Sunday-school for boys, held in a room behind a saloon on that strenuous avenue. The first day he went there he found about seventy-five or eighty boys, ranging in age from ten to sixteen. The boys had come for fun, not for instruction. When the rector walked in he found them ranged like a wedge, and before he could say a word he was knocked flat on the floor—full length—and for a while they had a pretty rough time until he and his associates cleaned out about twenty of the worst of them. Dr. Rainsford is an athlete—a muscular Christian—and the "tough" who attacks him has to reckon not only with a man of muscle, but one who understands the art of self-defence. The doctor tells us of one man, a big, strong fellow, who came and sat down in the Sunday-school and began to talk in a way that a man should not talk to a lady. He was a little drunk, so Dr. Rainsford told him to get out. He would not move.

"We are here," said the rector, "to help you people; we are paid nothing for it; now, you are enough of a man to respect a lady; why do you sit here and make it impossible for her to teach these boys?"

He swore at me and would not get out.

"You don't want me to call a policeman, do you? Go out quietly."

He jumped to his feet, and I saw I was in for a row. He was as big a man as I am. I did not

call a policeman, but I hit him harder than I ever hit a man in my life and knocked him down. Then I stood over him and said: "Have you had enough?"

He said, "Yes."

"All right," I answered; "now get out." And he went.

Dr. Rainsford believes in giving the poor as much pleasure as they can have. He realizes that there is no chance for privacy in the families of the tenements and consequently little religious life.

We may as well face that. Their working hours are long and hard; they must be up before six in the morning, and, on the other hand, they are apt to stay up late at night. The greatest need in our city to-day is places of recreation; they are far more needed than libraries. Good, wholesome recreation is first cousin to religion; the rest and refreshing of the body go a long way towards giving the soul a show. I have studied the needs of the people and have tried to meet them. I wish rich men would give the people more opportunities for pleasure—innocent pleasure. I do not especially endorse Mr. Carnegie's gifts to libraries. Libraries are good things, but in New York there are things we need more. We need pleasure houses far more in New York—places of amusement that will not degrade. For instance, I have had a good man come to me and say: "Next week is the anniversary of our wedding and I want to give a little dinner and dance to my wife and her friends. Do you know of any hall I can get?" And I cannot tell him where to go. My boys and girls wanted to dance. I wanted a place for them, and I had to bring them right into our parish building, but it is not the proper place. There is not room enough. The church ought to meet the social needs of the people, and the social needs of the people of the tenement district of New York are not the social needs of the people in the Maine village nor even the social needs of Baltimore or Philadelphia.

The portrait of Dr. Rainsford given as a frontispiece to this number of THE CRITIC is a much better likeness of him, much more characteristic, than the photograph reproduced in the book. Indeed, Dr. Rainsford has expressed himself as being more than satisfied with Mrs. Nowell's clever drawing.



# Lincoln Steffens

By RICHARD DUFFY

(See portrait of Mr. Steffens, page 400)

A SHORT man, muscular and alert, whose mustache and tip of beard are the same light brown as his close-trimmed hair, whose big white teeth show in a slow, candid smile, whose big blue eyes through glasses plumb yours for depth, as he grips your hand at introduction, whose voice is cautiously soft yet resonant,—that's Steffens.

He was born in San Francisco in 1866 and graduated from the University of California at twenty-three. Later he took special courses in philosophy and other branches in Berlin, Heidelberg, Leipzig, and at the Sorbonne in Paris. One ill effect of so much college training was that he went to look for a job as a reporter in a frock coat and silk hat. He wanted the job, too; for he had just undergone the disillusion of making a living by writing short stories. He did succeed eventually in being taken on the staff of the *Evening Post*, where, after experience as a gatherer of financial news and police news, he attained to the desk of assistant editor. When he left the *Post* it was to become city editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, now the *Globe*.

If his mental force and physical robustness have pushed and still press Steffens forward, his charm is the tie that binds to him even the men who criticise and dislike certain of his traits. He may be lacking in the qualities requisite to the organizer of a union, but I think he could incite a very effective strike. Not that his militancy is apparent or vain. He sees men and things quickly and generally surely.

Again, Steffens is a man not of one interest, but of many, pounding the nearest with most of his attention and force. He has been giving some years to the study and exposure of political machines. Meanwhile he has had a novel in mind which he has been trying to find time to write. The short

stories he has contributed to magazines are about police corruption and politics, but essentially they are short stories done in the simple joy of creating. It may be noted incidentally that in only one of the stories are women characters introduced. He enjoys a thorough acquaintance with German literature and with French, and keeps an observant eye on the better class of plays. While connected with the *Evening Post* he frequently wrote criticisms of the productions at Conrad's Irving Place Theatre. Somehow he manages to read many of the new books, especially the important ones. In meeting Steffens, if you feel that it would be inopportune to open conversation with "I have read your article, etc.," be able to say instead that you have been reading Conrad, and you will have a subject. Steffens will probably tell you then about the boss of Kansas City, who also is a Conrad enthusiast, and of several years' standing.

In September, 1901, Steffens became managing editor of *McClure's Magazine*, but the restraints of an office post were irksome and he was soon authorized to begin his studies of municipal politics, which, in conjunction with Miss Tarbell's "Standard Oil History," have definitely fixed *McClure's* as among the most important and representative of American magazines. Other magazines took up the cue till graft-exposure as a magazine topic became almost as prevalent as graft. Already a reaction has set in, and some editors have shouted that among their original features is the avoidance of such articles. The reaction, however, is found only in the minds of the imitators. Steffens goes on preparing his series on State politics, and it is safe to say that his second attack will make just as much noise as the first. You see, there is a difference between Steffens and the average magazine writer. The difference is as wide as that which distinguishes the old-time magazine

article on "A Summer in Norway" from a modern magazine account of radium. Steffens has not discovered corruption in St. Louis, Pittsburg, or Philadelphia. Everybody in those cities and many outside knew of it. The honest citizens said to themselves: "What can we do about it?" The others said: "What you goin' to do about it?" The very purpose of Steffens's articles has been to make people see that they have to do something. He usurps two functions of the newspaper: telling the story of the news and reading a lesson out of it in an editorial expression. Instead of having his news and his editorial on separate pages Steffens welds the two into one so that the fact and the meaning and the portent of it strike you simultaneously. Besides Steffens puts unmistakable editorial comment under the photographs that make his pages in *McClure's* look at times like a high-class and exclusive Rogues' Gallery.

In order to rouse people to action Steffens had to show the inside rottenness of municipal politics and point out each particular sore on the men or body of men tainted. When the sore is found the next process is to trace its sustenance. A clear statement of his attitude is made in the opening paragraph of his article on Chicago, in *McClure's* for October, 1903:

Ever since these articles on municipal corruption have been appearing, readers of them have been asking what they were to do about it all. As if I knew; as if "we" knew; as if there were any one way to deal with this problem in all places under any circumstances. There isn't, and if I had gone around with a ready-made reform scheme in the back of my head, it would have served only to keep me from seeing straight the facts that would not support my theory. The only editorial scheme we had was to study a few choice samples of bad city government and tell how the bad was accomplished, then seek out, here and abroad, some typical good governments and explain how the good was done—not how to do it, mind you, but how it had been done.

The reformer finds sores on the politician and attributes to him not only the sore, but the sustenance of it. Steffens has probed deeper and learned

more. He has learned that the sore derives its sustenance from the greed, the sloth and moral corruption of our proudest citizen, the great American business man.

He has told what he knows in his sharp, flinty, homely, yet careful style; hitting out from the shoulder and hitting with delight in his blows. He never lets you doze over his lines. Often a series of short sentences will explode before your eyes with torpedo-like effect. Sometimes the effort to strike attention sharply results in jerky sentences that ride unsmoothly. On the other hand, in a characterization, when Steffens is taking measurements of a man's soul, the words come softly, cautiously, and you can almost hear the deliberate, wary tones he would throw into his voice if the words were being spoken. Here is the portrait of ex-Mayor Low, of New York:

Mr. Low has many respectable qualities, but these never are amiable. "Did you ever see his smile?" said a politician who was trying to account for his instinctive dislike of the Mayor. I had; there is no laughter back of it, no humor, and no sense thereof. The appealing human element is lacking all through. His good abilities are self-sufficient; his dignity is smug; his courtesy seems not kind; his self-reliance is called obstinacy because, though he listens, he seems not to care; though he understands, he shows no sympathy, and when he decides his reasoning is private. His most useful virtues—probity, intelligence, and conscientiousness—in action are often an irritation; they are so contented. Mr. Low is the bourgeois reformer type. Even where he compromises, he gets no credit; his concessions make the impression of surrenders. A politician can say "no" and make a friend, where Mr. Low will lose one by saying "yes." Cold and impersonal, he cools even his heads of departments. Loyal public service they give, because his taste is for men who would do their duty for their own sake, not for his, and that excellent service the city has had. But members of Mr. Low's administration helped me to characterize him; they could not help it. Mr. Low's is not a lovable character.—*McClure's*, November, 1903.

Behind the considerable stir Steffens has made, behind all the adroitness, picturesqueness, and force of his articles, is there anything more than the mere craving to excel in his craft, to

show power, to make a name? Does he take any deeper, warmer interest in probing the cancerous growths on our body politic than a hospital surgeon would have in the disease of a vagrant brought in from the streets? Or, are his zest, his energy, his fire, only the enthusiasm of tastes technical and æsthetic? Ideals? How we wince at the word! Our sense of burlesque is so over-developed that ideals must be tricked out in slang so they excite not laughter. We rather think sometimes that ideals are obsolete. We are very young as a people, very prosperous, and not unlike the profound young man who found out and proved there was no God, yet prayed devoutly each night before getting into bed. But we

have ideals and we cherish them even under grime in these our days of conquest, progress, and gain. We love the arts, even if we gaze at them as through a glass darkly, and when we have had a president, great and good, though a peasant, after his death we make him a demigod.

You will admit that you yourself have ideals beyond getting a living or making a reputation. So have I. Why should n't Steffens have them? He's just as good as we are. In particular a man, acute, pushing, sympathetic; one who gathered learning in the schools to be made over into the wisdom of life; healthily cynical, fair, clean, and boyishly good-humored — that's Steffens.

## The Keltic Kraze

By H. LYON

HAVE ye noticed yet, mavourneen, who 's the poet o' the day?  
'Tis the wild and mystic Irishman that pipes the Keltic lay  
Of the thin, white soul with the red, red hair  
That sings in the twilight dim—  
Osh, Moira!  
Fiona!  
And the Kelt is in the swim.

There is aye the cold old mother-sea, the ocean dread and vast;  
There 's the faery this and the faery that, and the wind that blows from the Past;  
There is aye A Voice [in brackets] speaks,  
And a green-clad child slim—  
Ah, Norah!  
Go bragh Yeats!  
And the Kelt is in the swim.

There 'll be poethry yet, ma colleen, in the diggin' o' the spuds;  
Sure, now, an' there 'll be poethry in the washin' of the duds;  
The shillaly will be swung about  
As the staunch old Keltic limb—  
Arrah, now!  
Bejabbers!  
And the Kelt is in the swim.

# Love-Making of the Future

By MICHAEL WHITE

WHEN a young man was asked recently why he married clandestinely instead of following the usual procedure, there being no parental or other objection to his suit, his reply seems fraught with significance as to the future course of love-making. "I could not afford the time to work up to the climax," he explained. "My business compelled me to get through with it."

Here surely is a pretty, nay, an alarming situation, to which one may respectfully call the attention of our poets and novelists; for if Cupid is to discard his bow and arrows for a magazine rifle and work "on the jump" like the rest of us, clearly the love story of the future is going to be very different to that of time past. We find ourselves, in fact, confronted by conditions in which there would appear to be an elimination of much heretofore regarded as indispensable to the proper setting of a romance. The young man with "no time to work up to the climax" on account of pressure of business, suddenly leaps upon the stage as a character familiar in other rôles, but decidedly new as the hero of a love story. Somehow one feels that it will be difficult to introduce the mocking-bird and whippoorwill into any kind of relations with the youthful, practical, and intensely preoccupied junior partner in a brokerage house. Even if one could beguile him to run down to some country spot for a "week end," how to induce him to stroll by the brookside with the heroine, instead of looking over the situation with an eye to combining entirely material interests, is likely to be a problem. Indeed, he bids fair to be a creature of such impulsive action in all things, that we will no sooner have got him on bended knee at the opening of Chapter VI., than to find he suddenly recollects the danger of some one grasping a controlling interest in something, and is off to the telephone. An unromantic figure

for romantic purposes one is bound to confess, whose claim to thrilling interest must lie, neither as he stands on the green sward rapier in hand, nor in rescuing the heroine from some perilous situation, but in "smashing" his rival on the floor of the exchange. But even the language of love—similes vibrant of bird-note and fragrant with the perfume of flowers—may go the way of so much else we style old-fashioned, to become tinged with commercialism. Thus it is possible the *billet-doux* of the future, instead of being penned at midnight with rapture before a portrait of our lady-love, will be dashed off on the typewriter in a few hurried moments snatched from the lunch hour, and in a vein somewhat as follows:

## "MY LITTLE FLUTTER:

"Your remittance of kind thoughts to hand. Such have been duly credited to your account in my affections. In return let me deposit in the safety vault of your heart the assurance of the freedom of my office. My stenographer will be pleased at all times to type orders to your dressmaker. Little one, dare I confide to you a secret? June wheat will be a drug in the market. I reproach myself day and night that my short interest is no larger, for, as you know, my sole aim is, in the words of the poet, 'To paper your boudoir with gilt-edged bonds.' May the ticker of your life ever show that you are on the right side of the health and happiness market."

True, this may be open to criticism as slightly over-sentimental for the future love letter. But, granted that the mental attitude of our young broker will be one of absorbed concentration in things matter-of-fact, shall we deny that the charm even of commercial metaphor can be awakened within him. Here surely is where a grave responsibility rests upon our



poets. It is for them to perceive that in the new conditions are opportunities to sing of the triumphs of the pit, the ring, and the packing-house, the things with which the spirit of the age is chiefly concerned; rather than of the beauties of woodland and pasture, of such little commercial importance. While our young broker might appreciate a sonnet on Twilight in Wall Street as a theme of familiar significance, it is perhaps not to be expected of him that he should be deeply stirred by the music of Pan with his pipes. In this way a certain degree of sentimentalism may be preserved in our love-making, even if we are obliged to propose over the telephone in a manner which we now proceed to illustrate:

JACK (*into 'phone, soft accents*): "Is that you, Maud?—Ye-es. Are you alone?—Yes, well. May I speak with you for two minutes and a quarter? I promise not to detain you a second longer"—

(*Interrupted by clerk at door of office.*)

CLERK. "Market has risen a point, sir."

JACK (*sharply*). "What 's that? A point you say. Well, sell five hundred crude petroleums."

(*Exit clerk. Jack into 'phone, soft accents as before.*)

JACK: "Ye-es—Did I call you crude petroleum? Heavens, no, of course not. When I think of you it is as the most refined lubricating oil—Ay—No. No. You quite misunderstand me. I intended it as a compliment. You see, the price of refined lubricating oil is out of sight, because every one wants it, and there 's hardly any on the market. You perceive my meaning?—Yes, I 'm glad you inter-

pret me right. But what I wanted to ask you is, would it be convenient to marry me the day after to-morrow at, say, eleven o'clock? I can manage to leave the office for half an hour at that time—Oh, you want to think over it. Well, if I ring you up again in twenty minutes, will that do? But please hold the 'phone a moment while I send off a cable"—

(*Hastily scribbles message, rings bell, hands it to clerk, and resumes at 'phone.*)

JACK: "No, I 'm afraid I can't accommodate you—What 's that?—Crazy—No. Oh, a thousand pardons. Rather busy to-day and thought for the moment I was talking to Hardup & Swashbuckler—Seems so unromantic and precipitate. Well, if more agreeable to you, we might carry engagement over to next account. I think I could then find time to run up for a quarter of an hour and convince you in person that the deal will be O. K.—Yes—Yes—Would like to discuss matter with parents. Certainly. As I live in office, if the Colonel will step in some time to-night, shall be glad to show him our books. We cleaned up two hundred and fifty thousand last account—All right—All right—We 'll fix it so, then, that you hold a call option on me—All right."

(*Shuts off connection and rushes out of office.*)

After this—but then as we know both love-making and the love story are presumed to end with the ring slipped upon the lady's finger. That some pessimistic individuals foresee a difficulty in keeping it there, is a question which may or may not be influenced by the course of the stock-market.







## The Dramatic Season

By ZONA GALE

ALTHOUGH the winter of 1903-4 has been theoretically a tragedy, yet it has, like any good drama, triumphs to boast. This is said in no attempt at consolation; it is rather called to mind because, in a season when the box-office windows are like long, mournful faces, it is easy to forget that the honest wail of disappointed managers and playwrights, the "ground level look" of the critics, and even the productions of many bad plays are not enough to consider in winning that large point of view which places this dramatic season historically where it belongs. It is with this point of view that the student of the drama is concerned.

What of the winter? Because there has been an unprecedented series of failures in theatrical presentations is the American stage in its decadence? Surely, by him who looks forward and back and far afield, such a conclusion is not made. It is true that, in some great flood-tide, all the little back-fallings of foam from individual waves are, to the little eyes that see them, important signs that the whole flood is an ebb. But alas for the little eyes!

In this temporarily enfeebled condition of the stage in America there are, even for the little eyes, a few patent facts:

First: Ten years ago the production of "Ulysses," "Everyman," the Elizabethan "Twelfth Night," and "Candida" would not have been practicable in New York.

Immediately the question: Is this an advance?

Beyond Gallic-situation plays, comic opera, and the dozen or more simultaneous musical comedies of last season, yes; it is an advance. The point reached may be criticised; but the step forward cannot be denied. That the Garden Theatre should have been given over to two presentations—"Everyman" and "Ulysses"—which Mr. Frohman knew would not pay financially, and that he followed these ventures by the Elizabethan "Twelfth Night," with the same certainty, are significant indeed. The point is not that the public did not fill the houses; it is that the pieces were put on.

Second: Ten years ago the American public, like any foreign censor, would have hanged Ibsen with Mrs. Grundy's apron-strings; now it recognizes the reality of what he is dealing with; it listens to him quietly, sanely, condemning and admiring, realizing that at least Ibsen's method is more honorable, more mature, more pure than the school-boy giggle over an innuendo,

so long admitted without a blush into "family dramas." And this leads to the real point of advance in American drama:

Third: Ten years ago the "family" question on the American stage was the all-important matter. But now, with infinite hesitation, there is creeping in the idea that family life is not all. This is a revelation to America. For very long the theatre has been a place to see reproduced the antics of the family's inner heart, and the family has gone in bourgeois glee—exactly as it would have read with transports never so bad a novel in which its own members figured. No wonder that now, when family matters as such are giving place to a study of springs of action and of man as a member of society, the families look into each other's stalls in confusion:

"See these actors," they say, "they falsify and sacrifice like the rest of us, but *they know what they are doing!* Why, the playwrights must be morbid!"

Well, some of them are morbid; but is it so much worse to be morbid than risqué? Shall we shrink from an ugly self-analysis who have so long smiled at a double entendre? Besides, that is not the point; granted that in this new method, there is, so far, too much of ugliness and too little of beauty, too much of the pathological and too little that is healthful: the method is none the less an advance. If the method is badly carried on, that is an incident; we are all badly carried on, but we believe that we are being carried forward. The dawn of self-consciousness is always a great dawn. Surely it is possible to sit above individual failures of box-office and actor, of playwright and theatre-goer, and to realize that the backward-flung foam of each wave is not proof that the tide is not coming in!

Moreover, there are enough delicious little rainbow dramas remaining to color the sullenest waves of a flood-tide. Can things dramatic, even according to the old standards, be in their decadence when "Her Own Way" and "Cousin Kate" and "Merely Mary Ann" are in the world?

In a review of any season's work the Shakespearean productions in presentation and attendance are of course first to be considered. This winter has seen on Broadway, well attended for a run of several weeks, the admirable "Hamlet" of Mr. Johnston Forbes Robertson. Though Mr. Forbes Robertson is not yet a perfect realization of the prince, what we name "the hush of scholarship" is over all that he does; and this gentleman, scholar, and artist gives us a presentation that stirs us pleasurably. Mr. Forbes Robertson has more temperament, more dignity, greater intellectuality and refinement than most of his audiences; so, if he were present, the real Dane would have; and Mr. Forbes Robertson has a voice that is like Sandra's "thin strain of honey, drawn through the heart as if it would never end." For all that, he has not the detachment, the extreme self-consciousness, the ability to sit above what moves him most profoundly that belong to Hamlet. Yet it is a difference of degree and not of kind, and Mr. Forbes Robertson can afford to smile at those who have chided him for not "sounding the awe-struck note." His support is not strong, save for his brother Ian Robertson, the king, Miss Jennie Eustace, the queen, and, in some moments, the Ophelia of Miss Gertrude Elliott. Yet "Hamlet" has been magnificently played and well attended in this dramatically decadent 1903-1904.

Of the "Twelfth Night" productions, the Elizabethan is the more important. Mr. Ben Greet, superior to the little smiles of those who called his revival a fad—and what if it were? so good a fad!—gave a tentative fortnight of performances at the Knickerbocker under Mr. Frohman's management. The venture received such hearty support that the company went to Daly's for a successful run. The result was inevitable. People thought that they had a new nut to crack and gave dinner-table opinions on whether the three uninterrupted hours tired them! And if they were tired they suspected every one else of having been tired. Of course the Elizabethan

revival was simply an interesting glance over the shoulder, to teach us to realize that the drama is an absolute thing, like mathematics, around which the periods of production rise and fall. It gave to Mr. John Crawley as Sir Andrew and Mr. B. A. Fields as Sir Toby a chance to make two notable comedy successes. And Mr. Greet's broad Malvolio was the burlesque that Shakespeare intended—did he not? But Edith Wynne Mathewson's Viola was a too plaintive Viola, always in the first stages of having lost her brother, never in the first stages of being in love. Indeed, "Everyman" remains the best thing that she has done in America—"Everyman," whose repetition this winter fostered belief in the potential appreciation of the public. "Everyman" may not have had a great success, but somehow in New York it won a degree of moral support that stands for much. Miss Mathewson's beautiful and alluring elocution is, among women, what Mr. Skinner's is among men. Miss Viola Allen's "Twelfth Night," by the way, was scenically as gorgeous as the Elizabethan was gray, and her Viola was carefully patterned, sound, correct, facile, and even; but not inspired.

To speak of the impersonations of Miss Ada Rehan and Mr. Otis Skinner is always a pleasure and never greater than in "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Merchant of Venice," and "The School for Scandal." Miss Rehan has lost little; the full breath which she takes after each word gives all its old charm, and the maturity of her art is superb. Mr. Skinner gains with every year. Surely no actor, unless it be Mr. Forbes Robertson, has such voice and enunciation; and his magnificent finish and ripeness and balance, and his moments of inspired realization are the best that there is in America. There was a strong, dignified company, including Mr. Walton Pyre, a young actor of much promise.

"Midsummer Night's Dream" was produced for three weeks with Mr. Goodwin as Bottom and Ida Conquest for its pretty Helena. Mr. Goodwin deserves praise for all of his perform-

ance, but it was a great pity that the color schemes of so costly a performance should have been so unsparingly offensive. Why will not critics carp a little less about other conditions and beg for better colors on the stage?

Mr. Richard Mansfield—and the stage in America cannot cease in importance while it has him—made no new Shakespearean production this year, and he did not repeat "Julius Cæsar." His offering, while it added another realistic characterization to his own list of impersonations, was not important in any other way; yet Alexander Tolstoy's "Ivan the Terrible" was bound to be dramatized some day, and Mr. Mansfield was the only one to do it. Besides, he can be so perfectly depended upon that what he does in any one season is never a discouragement.

Mr. Arnold Daly's "Candida," announced for one modest matinee, assumed the dignity of a run, and the shop and library demand for Bernard Shaw's plays went up at a bound. They have had Mr. Shaw in England for years, and there were even American households that had long ago decided why Candida really chose her husband! But it had all to be done over again. "Candida," barring Ibsen, is the supreme example of a play of American production in which social conditions supplant family conditions. The bow of poor Marchbanks to the public gave people a glimpse of potential moralities at which they had been used to shudder, and negative moralities which were black with old incense. But in his impersonation, admirable as it is, Mr. Daly does not give Marchbanks his due; for he makes not only Philistines hate him, who ought to, but he antagonizes Marchbanks's own "kin" as well. In other words, it is a rôle that only a poet of Marchbanks's own "understanding" can play without making him seem the special kind of cad which he was not. Marchbanks was of the fibre of a poet and not of an actor, and, so peculiarly so, that a poet who was something of an actor could probably play the rôle

better than a good actor who was not a poet! The Marchbanks type is the one type which, on the stage, cannot be truthfully presented by any one less than an intuitionist; sympathetic treatment is not enough. For Mr. Shaw did give him the truth in his heart—little lad asleep on the embankment. And the interpreter must have it there too. Then and not till then is it fair to criticise the character of Marchbanks as every one is doing. Mr. Daly also produced "A Man of Destiny," and sustained his own and his company's reputation. For it was wonderful selective power and wonderful luck too to get together such a company. Seldom have such uniformly excellent players been met in one piece as he secured for "Candida."

Early in the season Mrs. Fiske played "Hedda Gabler," and played it, of course, with delicate rein given to good traditions and with much sympathetic elaboration. No one could realize better than Mrs. Fiske the psychology of the part. In her productions of Ibsen and of "Tess" and of "Mary of Magdala" Mrs. Fiske has been one of the first to break away from domestic plays. For Ibsen, who paints and analyzes big emotions, and Shaw, who photographs and dissects little ones—so little that they are little more than customs and situations!—stand for the larger European stage atmosphere. Who will not put up with sordidness, and even pathology, *en route* to the promised land?

The presentation of "Ulysses" in America was one of its theatrical season's most significant events. A verse play, by a modern, given on Broadway, was an anomaly indeed; but its production has been accomplished, and the season that saw it done cannot be wholly a failure. It is true that "Ulysses" is not so good as either of Mr. Phillips's other dramas; it is true that nothing more absurd than the prologue on Olympus has been seen, even on Broadway, for years—and it gains little, by the way, on being read in the library. Nonetheless, the literary beauty of the play, its pure poetry, aside from its dramatic—almost melo-

dramatic—qualities, and the "shadow of an eagle" that lies over it all, made its appearance in New York welcome and important. Just to have heard the music of the words that breathed about Calypso's island that lay beneath the setting sun, and so over American footlights, lifted a standard. Mr. Tyrone Power, Miss Rose Coghlan, and Mr. Fuller Mellish (the swineherd) were faithful and sometimes fine. Scenically the production was very beautiful.

In Sardou's "Dante" a great hope was raised and unfortunately lost, though Sir Henry Irving's marvellous handling of the prologue promised as much as his impressive make-up of the Florentine. However, that the great dramatist and the great actor did not succeed is, as always, second to the fact that they aimed so high; and also that the house was packed every night by those whom surely the theme no less than the man had attracted. And was it not a very great deal to have had that iron mask of Dante standing for days in the lobby of the former home of "Beauty and the Beast"?

Then there was the Greek play—the "Ajax," given by the Greeks of New York. Surely the impulse to give it and the encouragement and attendance that it won stand for something in these dramatic days that every one is willing to call evil.

The Century Theatre company was a move in the right direction, and it failed, not for lack of support, but because the company was somehow not—shall one say, blended? They made their presentation like a salad, with every ingredient recognizable, rather than, like a sauce, creamed to one flavor. They planned to produce several Shakespearean plays. They were all actors of long training, they were all technical and able, but the performances were perfunctory and unimaginative and labored. Still, the initial nest having been destroyed, the next one may find a safer gable.

Other worth-while things come thronging for mention. The season has been marked by at least two exquisite comedies—Clyde Fitch's "Her



Own Way," for Maxine Elliott, and Mr. Davies's "Cousin Kate," for Ethel Barrymore. These two women with their temperament, mentality, and peculiar talent and witchery are among the leading comedienne of America, and neither has ever had better opportunity than in this season's play. Than "Her Own Way," with its pretty nursery scene and the charming climax of the kiss which the child hides, nothing more enchanting is conceivable. And the clever dialogue of the second act of "Cousin Kate," indeed of the whole play, is a pretty vehicle for Ethel Barrymore's beauty and her art, and she scores her every point.

"Sweet Kitty Bellairs," book-play though it be and though it smack of the triumphs of Nell Gwynn, is a pleasant bit of comedy and gives clever Miss Henrietta Crosman the best opportunity that she has yet had. The piece is immensely popular and affords a good deal of amusement, but it is not one of the comedies that particularly advance American comedy.

Miss Maude Adams's appearance in "The Pretty Sister of José" was delightful more because she is Maude Adams than because the play is the thing. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's drama is pretty, but it was too slight a vehicle for Miss Adams, whose art and charm as a comedienne were held half in reserve. So gypsy is her charm, however, that the character of the Spanish girl does suit her, and the offering was a welcome one, such as she always makes.

With these women, by virtue of this season, will soon rank Miss Eleanor Robson, the delicious, grave, reposeful little actress whose presentation of Zangwill's "Merely Mary Ann" has justly been a triumph for playwright and star and Broadway. Miss Robson's career, confined as it will be, like everybody's else, by obvious limitations, is assured by her exquisite bit of characterization as the London slavey. The piece is not pretentious, but it is delicate and distinctly literary.

Never was a play with a purpose so snugly wrapped in farce comedy as was "The Admirable Crichton," J. M.

Barrie's play, in which William Gillette appeared long at the New Lyceum. People who forgave the burlesque of the third act, and the irritating little farcical irrationalities—like the removal of the pail from the safe in the drawing-room—saw the delightful humor and the covertly pointed finger of the conceit, and were charmed. It is not prejudice in Mr. Gillette's favor, but a justly inspired confidence, that makes one know that he will not strike a false note, and he never does. Of course Mr. Barrie wrote the play and Mr. Gillette played it, tongue in cheek, but it was a worthy venture and an enjoyable one, and the second act was finely artistic. Those who gloomed through it and argued about it simply lost the spirit of it—yet perhaps a play whose spirit could be lost by so many is questionable.

For nobody could lose the spirit of "The County Chairman," Mr. George Ade's delightful comedy at Wallack's. Mr. Macklyn Arbuckle and Mr. Willis Sweatnam took care of that, and so did the rest of the excellently cast company. Mr. Arbuckle has realized a character and voiced a type too convincingly soon to be forgotten. The homely, humorous situations, the old-fashioned "heart interest," the fine, sly characterization, show how, well-handled, a comedy of heart and village interest may be raised almost to a study of man in society.

Middle-class society in England is deliciously satirized in "The Man from Blankley's" by F. Anstey, with which Mr. Charles Hawtrey followed his fine and distinctive "Message from Mars." It is not an advance, though it is greatly diverting, and Mr. Hawtrey applied himself with freedom and zeal to his "craft of comedy." The originality of the play's plot, by the way, ought to be a lesson in conduct to the playwrights who are still ambling about in a slovenly way, dragging human-duplicity complications behind them. It is the case of a "hired guest" from Blankley's being engaged at the last minute to save a dinner party from having thirteen covers; and Mr. Hawtrey, as a peer of the realm who has mistaken

the house where he was dining, arrives in time to be taken for the "hired guest," cautioned not to take any champagne, and sent down to dinner with the governess, with whom, of course, he falls in love. Mr. Hawtrey's company, however, was somewhat uneven. His leading woman was a member of the original "Florodora" sextette.

The revival of "The Two Orphans" with an all-star cast was a pleasant event to the older theatre-goers, and it was so well enacted that it stood on its own merits aside from its associations—as this old piece always will, though it has been so patiently tossed about by the stock companies.

An important venture, though not a wholly successful one, was "The Light that Failed," produced by Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott. In another season,—for the sense of failure does get in the air and some plays have had unjustly to succumb to it,—the dramatization of Mr. Kipling's play might have been well received. Surely it could have been entrusted to no more capable hands. But its gloom was against it, and the elusive, haunted atmosphere of the book can hardly be felt in any enactment of its mere events, or even in any presentation of its characters.

Another production which aroused a great deal of interest that it did not wholly justify was the dramatization of Mr. Frank Norris's "The Pit," for Mr. Wilton Lackaye. No American novel has, from a literary standpoint, better deserved dramatization, but unfortunately much of Mr. Norris's best work—his more delicate inferences, his philosophy—are quite lost in preparing the piece for the stage, and there are a lot of dreary, ill-bred people to be met, with no special point to the meeting. But Mr. Lackaye acted with his customary conviction and authority, and he handled especially well the noisiest scene that has ever been done on any stage.

Mr. Robert Edeson, in "Ranson's Folly," did good individual work in a fair piece. "Ranson's Folly" bears the same relation to a really fine play

that any good short story, told for the story's sake, bears to, say, "Monsieur Beaucaire." It was a soldier-play with some good Davies touches.

Mr. Kirke Le Schelle's dramatization of Mr. Owen Wister's "The Virginian" has been one of the financially successful plays of the winter, and deservedly so, for Mr. Dustin Farnum's work merited recognition. It is pleasant to have what is distinctly and picturesquely American so well presented.

"Raffles the Amateur Cracksman" afforded excellent personal opportunity to Mr. Kyrle Bellew and Mr. E. M. Holland. This was quite perfectly taken advantage of without adding very much to the real achievements of either. The piece had a long run and was accounted a huge success.

"The Girl from Kay's," with Miss Hattie Williams, and "The Other Girl" ran their pretty, frothy course triumphantly, and were called successful productions. They were two fair sails desecrated from the raft of the box-offices, but better things than both have failed. No one quarrels with their success, however; a little gold dust of such comedies must always drift about among the stars.

So with "The Earl of Pawtucket"—a revival of last season—to be mentioned because for Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay's amusing performance has at last been found a leading woman—Miss Jane Peyton, whose beauty and distinction and ability promise large things.

Pierre Wolff's "Secret of Polichinelle"—peaceful, cheerful, domestic—is not remarkable and creates nobody very interesting, but it caught the popular fancy. It is pre-eminently the family drama, first and last, not very well translated, not very well staged, yet it does please people, as the dramatized hearthstone always does.

Miss Annie Russell, after giving Mr. Haddon Chambers's adaptation, "The Younger Mrs. Parling," a fair trial, wisely went back to "Mice and Men" of last year. Without doubt, Annie Russell's forte is not a rôle that has ever heard of a problem or a past, let alone having had one, so to speak, for a mother!

One would as lief think of her playing Vivums in "Mrs. Warren's Profession," as presenting Jacqueline. "Mice and Men" is not great either, but it is a neutral, restful bit, and Miss Russell always has a large following.

John Drew's annual offering was not worth while. It was another polite comedy written for Mr. Drew, and it was really colorless and unimportant. A revival of "The Mummy and the Hummingbird" would have been better.

"Captain Barrington," with Charles Richman for its handsome Colonial hero, with a beautiful make-up of George Washington near by, succeeded in pleasing a number of people, but it has been kept on the road.

There is no special reason for mentioning Mr. Henry Miller's "Man Proposes" or Mr. E. H. Sothorn's "The Proud Prince." Both these admirable actors made bad ventures which their own art could not save from failure.

Mr. Leo Ditrichstein's comedy, "Harriet's Honeymoon," was put in Miss Mary Mannering's very pretty hands, and she was very pretty in it, with her new, preoccupied, stockbroker husband. It was a pleasant little play, though Miss Mannering's charm and somewhat simple art deserves better from some playwright than ever she has had.

The failure of Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Little Mary" was to be expected, for therein Mr. Barrie laughed a bit too hard at the expense of the public. A playwright can make some of the public laugh at all the public; and all the public laugh at some of the public; but when he tries to make all the public laugh at all of itself, it cannot take the joke.

The method of Miss Marie Tempest in "The Marriage of Kitty," the refinement of Miss Fay Davis in "The Whitewashing of Julia," the dash and great curving hats of Miss Bertha Gal-

land in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," and the pretty art of Miss Katherine Kennedy in "The Ruling Power," could not quite save the four plays. They all rank with the dramas in which there are some opportunities, some talent displayed, some clever lines, and some clever work—but not enough of anything. In "Lady Rose's Daughter," with Miss Davis, this was discovered; in the rest it is still an open secret.

Account must be taken of Herr Conreid's excellent offerings at the Irving Place Theatre which many Americans habitually enjoy. The appearance of Fraulein Bertha Rocco in "Monna Vanna," of Herr Ferdinand Bonn, and Herr Rudolf Christians were notable. Those who have looked eagerly for five years to Frau Agnes Sorma's reappearance here are at least diverted while they wait.

And the introduction of Madame Charlotte Wiehe, the little Danish actress, in French plays at the vaudeville, was a charming venture of Mr. Frohman's. Several plays were put on with continual new lights on Madame Wiehe's exquisite art.

For the sake of Madame Fritz Scheff it would be pleasant to include some of the comedies with music which have been produced this season, for Fritz Scheff is one of the real artists of the stage. When there are more like her in musical comedy, and when the conduct of the music can all be under the leadership of such a skilled musician as Mr. Arthur Weld, conductor for the theatres of the Shubert Brothers, the day may dawn when musical comedy will be a dignified consideration instead of so often a mournful one.

Indeed, the season has not been so melancholy when one comes to count the details. And to be pessimistic with so many good arguments on the other side is almost bad form.



MRS. FISKE AS MARY OF MAGDALA  
(From a poster by Mr. Ernest Haskell)





MR. ARNOLD DALY AS "NAPOLEON" IN BERNARD  
SHAW'S "THE MAN OF DESTINY"



Photo by

Hall

MISS GRACE GEORGE AND MISS MARGARET  
ILLINGTON IN "THE TWO ORPHANS"



Photo by  
488 MISS MAUDE ADAMS AS THE PRETTY SISTER OF JOSÉ



Byron

Photo by

493 MISS ELEANOR ROBSON IN "MERELY MARY ANN"



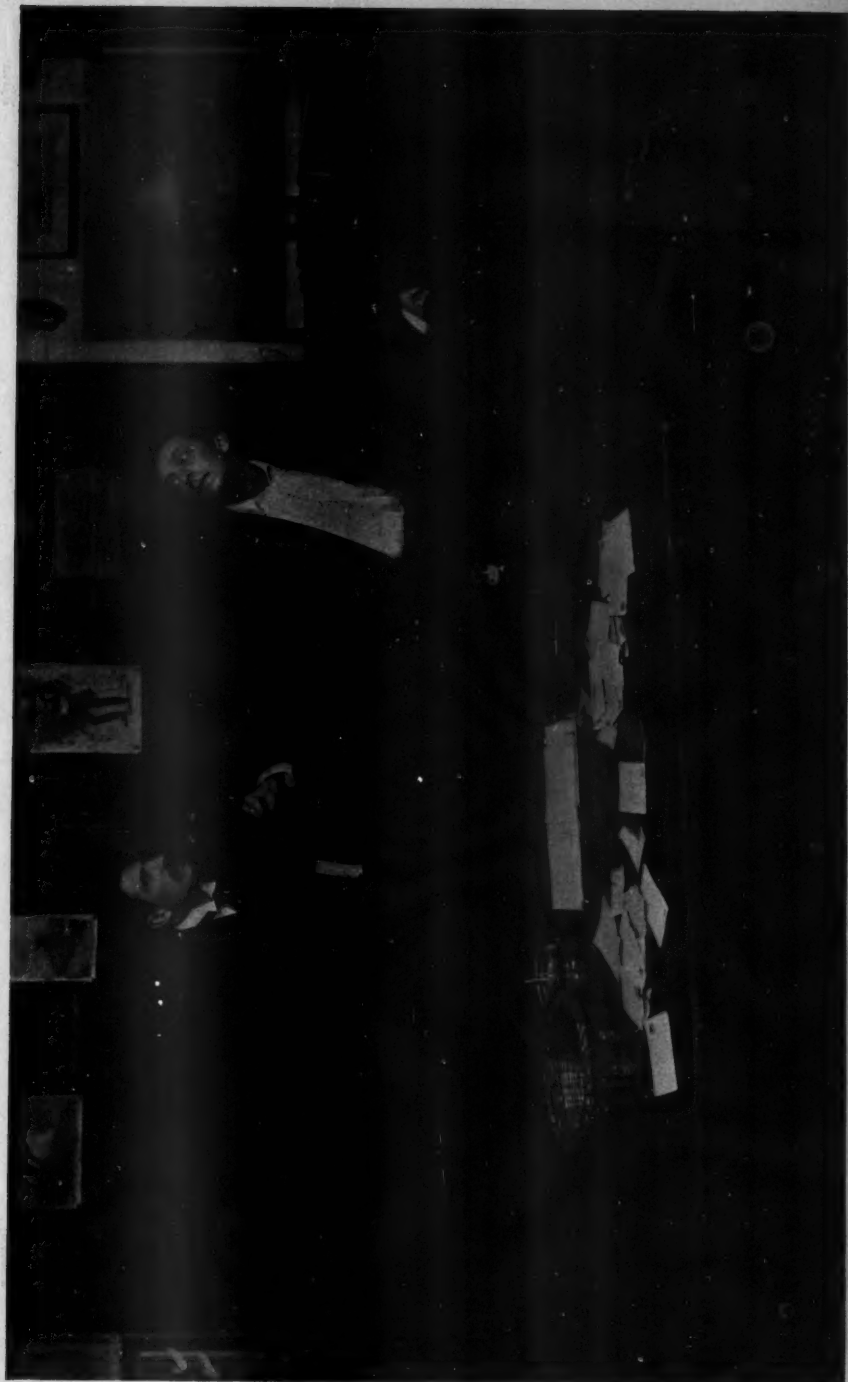
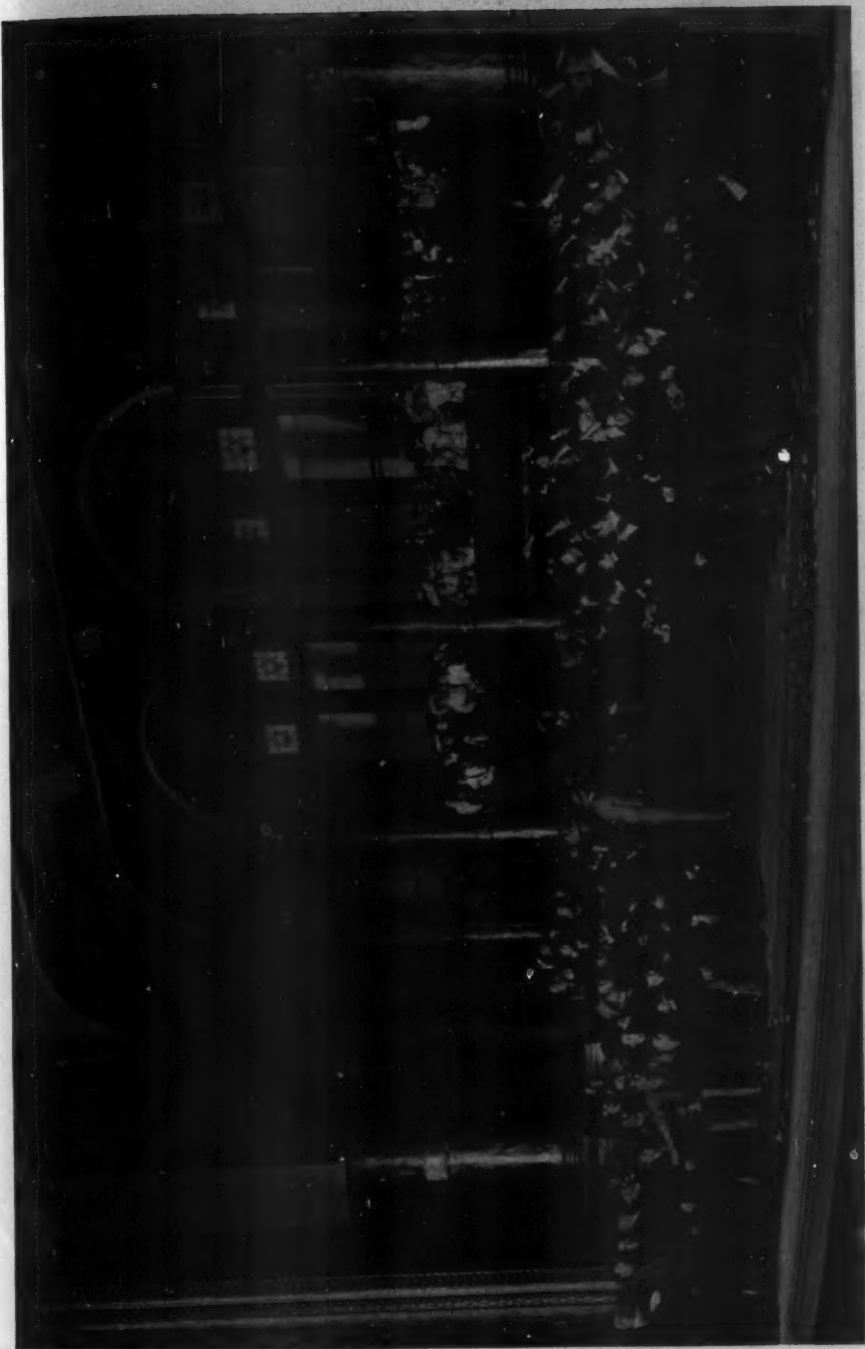


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44 MR. FORBES ROBERTSON IN "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"

White



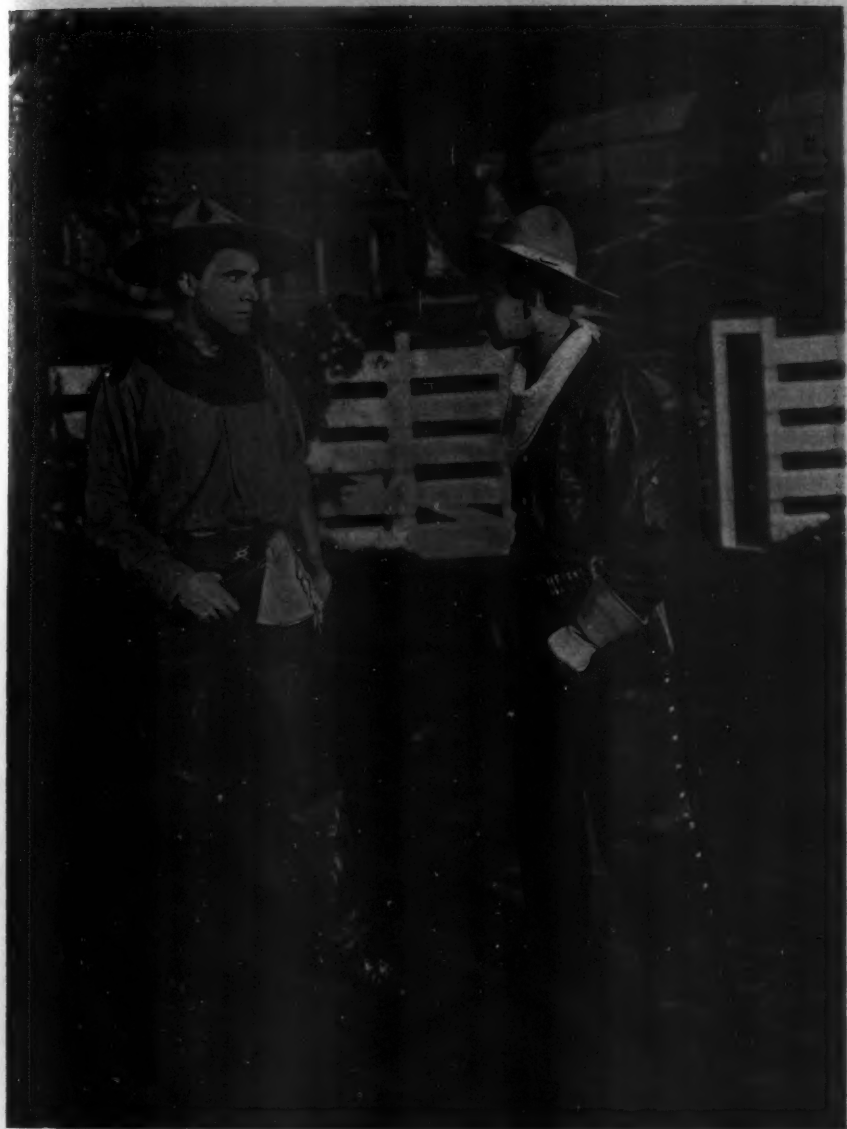
THE PANIC SCENE IN "THE PIT"



Photo by

Byron

MR. ROBERT EDESON AND MISS SANDOL MILLIKEN IN "RANSON'S FOLLY"



MR. DUSTIN FARNUM AS THE VIRGINIAN  
MR. FRANK CANTEAU AS TRAMPAS



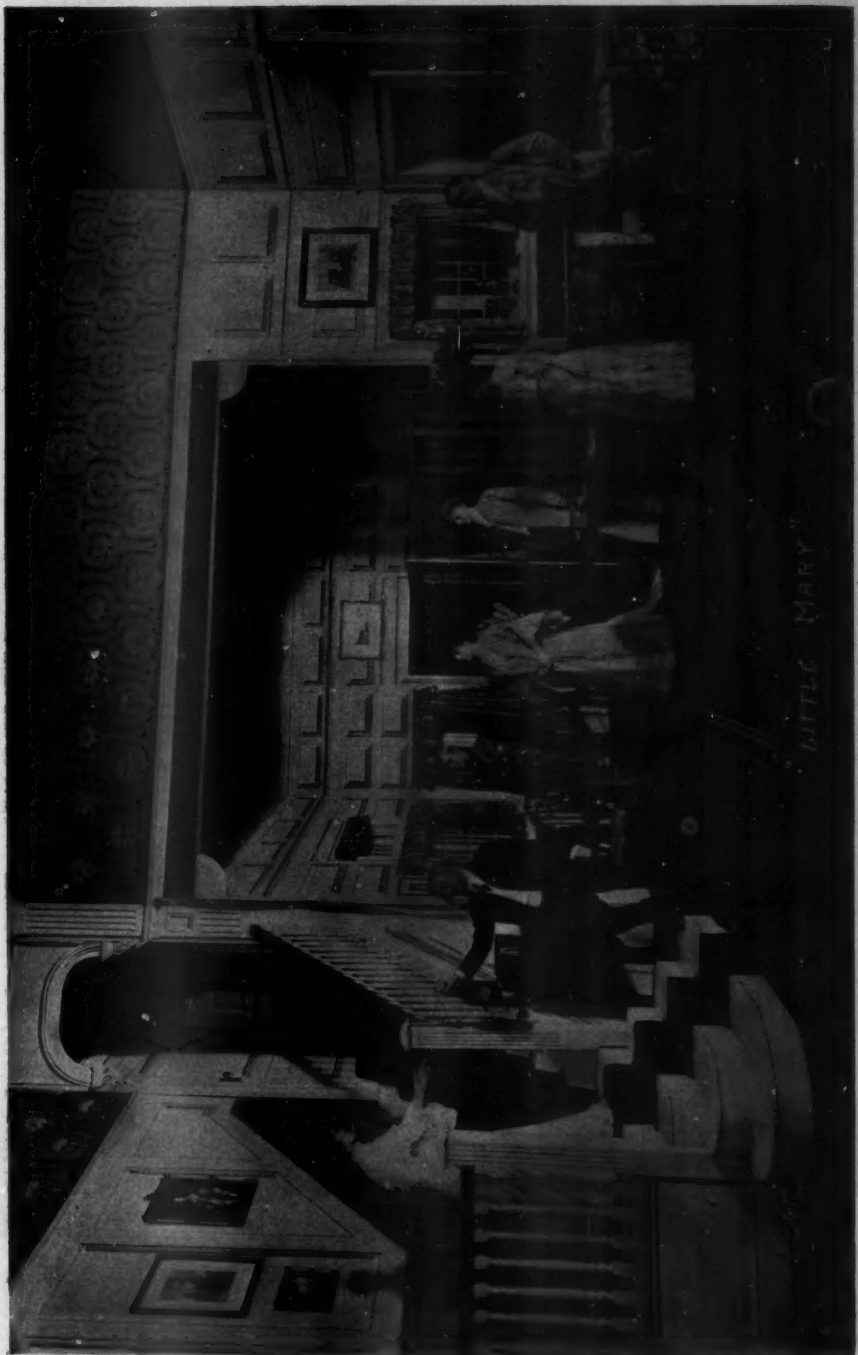


Photo by  
418 SCENE FROM "LITTLE MARY"

## Modern Japanese Women Writers

By YONE NOGUCHI

THE eternally lamentable Ichiyo Higuchi (Ichiyo being her pen name with the solitary meaning of "Single Leaf") was an interpreter of Japanese women's sacrifice and passion. Under the Tokugawa feudalism (1603-1867) we breathed peace and prosperity. Flowers bloomed abundantly, the women played instruments day and night. But, alas, our regard for women was wholly changed from what it was in the Heian period (800-1186), when women and literature were the light of the age. In the Heian period we had pride in our Japanese women writers. But we ceased to make much of women. The influence of Chinese literature—chiefly Confucius—was to bring them into absolute subjection to the men. They became slaves. How they suffered! But there was no interpreter for them. Some forty years ago the sudden invasion of the European civilization and especially that of America purified our shut-up atmosphere, our prejudice began to be destroyed, but still they were the products of circumstances and suffering. Ichiyo Higuchi, the "Seisho Nagon of the Meiji era" (Seisho Nagon being a literary glory of the Heian period) as she was called, appeared and expressed fully the souls and hearts of her own sisters. "If only she were with us today," all we Japanese sigh. She died some seven years ago in her tender twenty-fifth year. She was like a Japanese cuckoo which dies after singing eight thousand and eight songs and spitting blood, as we say in Japan. Yes, she died after exhaustion. Her beautifully sad story is everlastingly fresh in the Japanese mind. She left a book of one thousand pages, hers being short stories. Among them "Nigoriye" (Dusty Pool), "Warekara" (From Myself), and "Jusanya" (The Thirteenth Night), are said to be without parallel in our literature.

"Jusanya" is a little study of woman's toleration under trying circum-

stances. Oseki, a young girl of poor parentage, married a gentleman of high standing who grew tired of her after some years of marriage. One night she visited her parents determined to ask for a divorce from him. They began at once to talk about her great husband and fortunate marriage. They even declared that their living had improved from his material assistance. When she broke out telling her misery, to their surprise, they begged her to think it over, since it meant ruin to them. Poor Oseki exclaimed in tears that she would return then to her husband's house in the thought that she



"THE MOST LAMENTABLE ICHIYO HIGUCHI'S TOMB"



中川 義典夫人

BARONESS NAKAJIMA

was dead, and to be a nurse to her child; all of them were sad. On her way home she wanted to ride on a jinrikisha. Alas, the jinrikisha man was her old lover before her marriage. She was told that he had ruined himself with wine and geishas through his disappointment with her. He had been drawing a carriage along the eight hundred and eight streets of Tokio. Oseki wept. "Pray, don't think you are the only miserable one in the world," she exclaimed.

In Baroness Nakajima I find a revolutionist. She was the strongest character in the last forty years, politically and in literature. She is an able politician, besides being a remarkable writer. She was so precocious that she was summoned to give a lecture to her Majesty the Empress, in her teens. She made a lecturing tour frequently through all the country. How strange a thing it was at that time for a young Japanese woman! She was attempting to revolutionize women's condition. She was often taken to jail, being suspected of plotting against the government. She married a newspaper man by the name of Nobuyuki Nakajima,

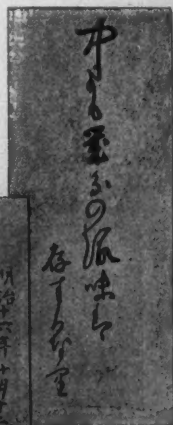
who was afterwards appointed President of the House of Commons, when the First Diet opened. She accompanied her husband to Italy when he became the Japanese Minister. She proved herself a social success under the Italian sky. Her literary works are various. And she was well known for her fine penmanship. Her Chinese poems are said to be distinctive. Besides her strong political essays and well-proportioned social comment, her literary sketches are worth translation. There is cleverness in the following:

How delightful it is when we take our slightly moist bodies to a bath-room, on finding it hard to sleep at night; when we see the floor well-wiped and the garden well-watered and a basin for washing hands brimming with water as from a flowing spring; to see a few branches of flowers with the morning dew upon them in a vase, when we return after finishing our hair, and to see a few utensils for a tea ceremony around and already to hear the pine-tree song in a kettle; to have two or three kinds of plain food in the dishes rarely seen, when we feel not so empty; to see a maid bringing burning incense for our table, when we find it

中川 義典



BARONESS NAKAJIMA'S WRITING IN JAPANESE AND CHINESE



中川 義典



MRS. KASHI IWAMOTO

hard to write lines; when we yawn freely after finishing a thing or two; when we lay ourselves down after a garden stroll, and a servant comes to rub our bodies without awaiting any order from us; when we see a newly-hung picture on returning to our room after taking a bath; when a dear friend calls unexpectedly; to be sent by a friend a new book, when all the books within hand's-reach are old; to see a servant bringing in something to eat with a clean waking face, when we read books at night, and feel slightly hungry; to accidentally find a solution in a book for the thing we could n't understand and could n't dare to ask another; when we listen to one reading a book by a raining window, being slightly ill, hearing a clever comment occasionally; to talk plenteously like the flow of a spring, in a strange meeting with a friend; to have the man returned from far away, and to see him opening his bag full of strange presents with a smiling face; to see a quilt and round fan waiting for our coming upon the bench, under the trees which were watered a while ago, after we finished an early supper, and looked over the garden; to be offered a new cup of tea after dinner, when we put on a new dress whose creases are still fresh, and have our hair newly done; to hear a low singing of song, when we lay ourselves down, leaving the moon outside of a mosquito net.

The late Shizuko Wakamatsu (Mrs. Iwamoto,—Mr. Iwamoto, the founder and president of Meijo Jogakko, a ladies' college) has been said among Americans in Japan to be the best educated and most clever woman in the country. Naturally she had a thousand friends among the foreigners, since she was educated at Ferris Seminary of Yokohama (she was also the first alumna), and was an effective worker in Christian society. She toiled for the advancement of her own sisters and the introduction of American education. As an educator she was memorable, as a wife she was her husband's help in the true meaning. She was distinctively a new type of Japanese woman, the rarest combination of American knowledge and Japanese refinement. She was slight, and had softly bright eyes. Her nervous temperament, however, did n't disfigure her quiet dignity. She was loved and respected by all the younger Japanese.

Her chief literary works were in translations of English. She will be always remembered as the successful



KAHO TANABE (MRS. MIYAKE)



translator of Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy." The book was regarded as a great achievement in translation. The translations of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," Miss Procter's "Sailor Boy," and a few other of Mrs. Burnett's stories are among her works. She first introduced Mrs. Burnett to Japan. A year or two ago her complete work was published with Mr. Hikoichiro Sakurai, the able editor of *The Student* in Tokio, as the editor of her work.

And I shall not forget to mention Kaho Tanabe. She was the daughter of Taichi Tanabe, one of the interesting figures of older Japan, who is no mean literary man. He has numerous admirers in China, since he is clever in Chinese poems. Kaho married Setsurei Miyake,—the idol of our younger generation, one of the most powerful writers on social and political questions. Mrs. Miyake published many

short stories and travelling sketches, most of them admired for their womanly sweetness and clever observation. Her wit was never abrupt. Her penmanship is distinguished. A book or two of hers were praised by Her Majesty the Empress, which is not a common thing in Japan.

And there is the able Usurai Kajita, who began to write in her sixteenth year. Her short stories are finished. Among them is one interesting thing called "Onisenbiki" (The Thousand Devils), being the story of a young wife who killed herself by drowning in a well, being unable to endure the intolerance of her sister-in-law. Sister-in-law is supposed to be a terror to a young wife in Japan.

Mrs. Otsuka and Kimiko Koganei are other bright women writers in present Japan. And there are a hundred poetesses, though none of them has achieved any distinction.

## LOVE IN SPRINGTIME

BY EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE

*WHEN Spring sweeps blithely down the world,  
In covert whistling, in leaf-bud curled,  
The sky hath laughter, the brown pool thrills,  
And cloud-shadows purple the wakening hills.  
O sing, ye winds, in the vibrant pine;  
O sing, ye birds, and your song be mine!*

*For love wells up in my sleeping heart,  
And tenderness blooms, and sweet tears start,  
With the joy of my love. The Spring beats strong  
In my blood, till it throbs with a rhythmic song.  
O sing, my heart, as the wind-harp sings,  
Thou race-harp, tuned by a thousand Springs!*

# Where Are the Books of Yester Year?

By GEORGE SEIBEL

*Where are the books of yester year—  
The big successes, piled so high  
In dry-goods windows, tier on tier,  
Reviewers lauded to the sky?  
Can authors' booms collapse and die  
Like all the sun doth shine upon?  
Do advertisements ever lie?  
Those masterpieces all are gone!*

To write a successful novel in our time is almost like a ninety-day sentence to the Hall of Fame. The culprit is promptly found guilty of being a genius; his portraits in twenty poses figure in the Literary Police Gazette; the anxious public is kept informed as to whether he is spending the season at Paris or at Paw Paw; huge pyramids of his immortal masterpiece fill the bookseller's windows; he is reverently discussed in women's clubs, and young ladies, ravening for culture, besiege the libraries for one of the fifty copies kept in constant circulation. Then somebody else writes something else, and the popular author is eclipsed by the new-born boom. His masterpiece vanishes from the book counters; frowsy and frayed, it settles into a Rip-van-Winkle slumber on the shelves of public libraries. Book publishing and authorship in our day have come to resemble a continuous vaudeville performance.

The old query, "What becomes of the pins?" might well be changed into "What becomes of the books?" It is both pathetic and puzzling. It will not do to say that the books of real merit will live, those of pretentious emptiness die. Kipling's "Kim" is buried alongside of Archibald Clavering Gunter's "Mr. Barnes," and Marie Corelli's popular stories keep up a steady sale like Anthony Hope's fine Zenda romances. Often two books by the same author will show the most amazing variations. "The Honorable Peter Stirling," which Mr. Paul Leicester Ford wrote six years earlier, was never

a "big seller" like "Janice Meredith," but after Ford's death the copyright was appraised at \$1500, while the other brought only \$1000. It took two years to sell ten thousand copies of "Peter Stirling;" in the third year four times as many copies were sold as in the second; in the fourth year and in the fifth year about twice as many copies were sold as in the third; and last year, nine years after publication, it was the second in popularity among all of Messrs. Henry Holt & Company's novels. Book-stores everywhere report a steady sale—one of them calls it "the only novel that has lasted." Libraries report an undiminished demand—"as fast as the copies wear out they are replaced." On the other hand, "Janice Meredith," a high-grade pot-boiler written to catch the fashion for historical fiction, went out with that fashion, though it reached the hundred-thousand mark in its first year. Book-stores report it as selling "slowly," despite the impetus of large initial circulation, a successful dramatization, and cheap editions.

The case of Miss Sara Orne Jewett's "Tory Lover" affords an exact analogy. It was a popular excursion into the historical field. "It was better than the average historical novel (if that be praise), and it had a large sale; but to-day it has been put upon the bargain counter by booksellers who regularly re-order most of her other books. It will probably be forgotten by the time "The Country of the Pointed Firs" is appreciated as it merits.

These facts give a hint as to the prime cause for the disappearance of popular books. Such as are written to feed some fad or craze are pushed aside when the public is gorged. Novels have their R months like the oyster. There was the theological novel, which began its course with "Robert Elsmere," a powerful piece of work despite reminiscences of "Middlemarch;" then

followed "John Ward, Preacher," "The Damnation of Theron Ware," "The Gadfly." They are gone—their titles but memories, and very tenuous memories some. The frenzy for historical fiction followed, and brought us "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "To Have and to Hold," "Alice of Old Vincennes." These too are gone; rarely called for in book-stores or libraries; the reproach of ignorance has been lifted from the unfortunates that had not read them.

There was poor "Trilby." If she came back to earth she could n't sell enough of her books to buy herself shoes. It is reported that when Harpers got into difficulties they had seventeen thousand copies of "Trilby" on hand. Booksellers everywhere have put "Trilby" upon the bargain counter. "Not called for once in two years," reports one bookseller; in a library with over seventy thousand card-holders only eight were reading "Trilby;" in another, with more than twenty thousand card-holders, eleven copies, tattered and torn, are leading lonely lives in dusty exile on the top-most shelves. The Book Lovers' Library, which is most directly in touch with popular demand, has not listed this book at all. "Trilby" is dead," reports one bookseller, "and none so poor to do her reverence." Perhaps "Trilby" died young because she was so Gallic and *bohémienne*, not altogether proper; not even a successful dramatic operation could save her; but had she been a prim Puritan maid she might have lived out the allotted years of a "big seller," and be faring as well to-day as her canny Uncle David.

"David Harum," which started the rural fiction fever, and incidentally led publishers to realize that a popular novel while it lasts is as good as an oil gusher, shows how long a book of real merit may hope to live. One book-store which sold 400 copies a month when "David Harum" was the rage is now selling ten copies a month. This would indicate that the novel is still selling at the handsome rate of 10,000 copies a year, though it was published in September, 1898, five years and six

months ago. The figures for various periods show interesting fluctuations. During the first six months 62,500 copies were sold; during the second six months, 244,000 copies; during the third six months, 106,000 copies; during the fourth six months, 66,750 copies. During the third year the sale dropped to 66,500; during the fourth year, probably helped by the dramatization, it rose again to 129,750; and during the fifth year maintained itself at 102,500. This makes a total of 778,000 copies—in other words, if the average family numbers five persons, there ought to be a copy of "David Harum" in every other home of the United States.

Taking "David Harum" as a striking case of literary longevity, it may be deduced that the average novel, if it has real merit and tickles the public palate, if interest in it is revived by dramatization and the sale stimulated by cheap editions, may live six years or more. Most of the big sellers do not live that long. "The average successful novel," says one large bookseller, "lives about a year; some do not last six months; and many do not last three months." It must be taken into consideration that a book lives longer in a bookshop than in a library, for if it does not sell well it is even more likely to be in stock and tempting the purchaser's eye, whereas in a library the would-be reader must ask for it. This makes the statement of one librarian especially significant, who says that "the average novel lasts about six weeks, then the people do not ask for it any more." The belated reader, who could not get the book during the "rush," must be reckoned with in the libraries. Therefore a table, based upon the average of the two tables which averaged highest and lowest, is instructive chiefly as showing the relative vitality of the books that have made big hits in recent years, including some few that have reached a green old age, as books go nowadays, when "Ben Hur," twenty-four years old, and "Looking Backward," at sweet sixteen, are literary patriarchs. The table follows:

	Copies in Library	On Shelves	In Circu- lation
Looking Backward.....	19	12	7
To Have and to Hold.....	64	33	31
Trilby.....	22	14	8
The Right of Way.....	67	10	57
The House-boat on the Styx.....	17	11	6
Ben Hur.....	68	13	55
Eleanor.....	41	16	25
The Helmet of Navarre.....	60	34	24
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.....	22	3	19
When Knighthood Was in Flower.....	83	24	59
Alice of Old Vincennes.....	65	1	64
The Mississippi Bubble.....	19	1	18
Hearts Courageous.....	16	1	15
Janice Meredith.....	97	50	47
Sir Richard Calmady.....	15	7	8
The Master Christian.....	26	1	25
The Honorable Peter Stirling.....	69	35	34
The Prisoner of Zenda.....	54	23	31
The Gadfly.....	31	27	4
Eben Holden.....	64	29	35
David Harum.....	94	44	50
The Christian.....	62	14	48
The Eternal City.....	52	0	52
Quincy Adams Sawyer.....	10	0	10
The Choir Invisible.....	48	24	24
The Conqueror.....	16	0	16
Richard Carvel.....	83	4	79
The Crisis.....	89	0	89
Dorothy Vernon.....	26	3	23
Elizabeth and Her German Garden.....	12	7	5
The Forest Lovers.....	20	18	2
The Pride of Jennico.....	34	20	14
Quo Vadis.....	73	55	18
The Cavalier.....	22	2	20
Caleb West.....	31	20	11
The Valley of Decision.....	11	3	8
The Gentleman from Indiana.....	48	1	47
Monsieur Beaucaire.....	28	21	7
The Blazed Trail.....	16	0	16
The Hound of the Baskervilles.....	64	30	34
The Man from Glengarry.....	26	5	21
Kim.....	56	44	12
The Pit.....	20	0	20
The Octopus.....	18	0	18
The Leopard's Spots.....	10	0	10
Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush.....	10	8	2
Ships that Pass in the Night.....	2	1	1
Robert Elsmere.....	1	0	1

Some of these books have not yet passed the stage when they are "always all out," and there is hardly one on the list which when new did not come under this category. Had the libraries had ten times as many copies then, it

would have been the same. Of some books many copies have been worn out and not replaced, else the number of copies on the shelves would be much larger. Another interesting table shows the total number of calls for each book during three months in a pay library composed largely of recent fiction. This list follows:

Looking Backward.....	35
To Have and to Hold.....	48
Trilby.....	0
The Right of Way.....	42
The House-boat on the Styx.....	16
Ben Hur.....	3
Eleanor.....	10
The Helmet of Navarre.....	10
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.....	125
When Knighthood Was in Flower.....	28
Alice of Old Vincennes.....	41
The Mississippi Bubble.....	60
Hearts Courageous.....	102
Janice Meredith.....	29
Sir Richard Calmady.....	62
The Master Christian.....	15
The Honorable Peter Stirling.....	17
The Prisoner of Zenda.....	3
The Gadfly.....	4
Eben Holden.....	64
David Harum.....	122
The Christian.....	24
The Eternal City.....	31
Quincy Adams Sawyer.....	58
The Choir Invisible.....	47
The Conqueror.....	26
Richard Carvel.....	51
The Crisis.....	62
Dorothy Vernon.....	78
Elizabeth and Her German Garden.....	85
The Forest Lovers.....	16
The Pride of Jennico.....	26
Quo Vadis.....	16
The Cavalier.....	48
Caleb West.....	7
The Valley of Decision.....	28
The Gentleman from Indiana.....	94
Monsieur Beaucaire.....	32
The Blazed Trail.....	93
The Hound of the Baskervilles.....	128
The Man from Glengarry.....	68
Kim.....	5
The Pit.....	136
The Octopus.....	63
The Leopard's Spots.....	72
Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush.....	1
Ships that Pass in the Night.....	0
Robert Elsmere.....	1



One large library, which, by duplicating its books in great quantity, endeavors to meet the immediate demands of its members as quickly as possible, reports that the demand is usually over in six months. "When the advertising of a book ceases, and people stop talking about the new books, it is only on very rare occasions that they are called for. The majority of readers to-day have little use for a book which is a year old, even though they have not read the book, and notwithstanding that it may have merit. The cry is for something new."

Library lists, however, owing to the waits imposed upon patrons, do not afford as good a criterion as book-store sales. A few interesting comments by booksellers will show the present status of one-time favorites: "To Have and to Hold," very few—lived two years; "Helmet of Navarre," slow—called for only by libraries—lived one year; "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and "Alice of Old Vincennes," occasionally—lived two years; "The Mississippi Bubble," slow—lived one year; "The Gadfly," stopped buzzing; "Eben Holden," slowed up, but looks as if it would last; "Quincy Adams Sawyer," occasionally called for—lived two years; "Dorothy Vernon," slowed up from two hundred copies a month to five a month; "Quo Vadis," sells fairly in cheap edition; "The Blazed Trail," published six months before it became known, sells well steadily; "The Hound of the Baskervilles," slowed up—"Adventures" and "Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes" sell better—library reports indicate the same; "The Man from Glengarry," steady, but has dropped—"The Sky Pilot" and "Black Rock" sell better; "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush" and "Ships that Pass in the Night," not one copy sold in six months.

Book-store reports indicate that established authors keep up their sales longer than their library run; thus "Ben Hur," which would not rank very high if judged merely by library reports, sells steadily; so does "The Valley of Decision," which readers of Mrs. Wharton know cannot be bolted;

so do "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentzau," which people have found good enough to own; so do the books of James Lane Allen and Hopkinson Smith, and so do the books of Hall Caine and Marie Corelli of Stratford-on-Avon. It is interesting, however, to note that "Temporal Power" fell rather flat, and that her best-selling books are "Barabbas" and "Thelma." Every author has had his Waterloo; Anthony Hope's was "The King's Mirror;" Zangwill's was "The Mantle of Elijah;" Conan Doyle's was "A Duet with an Occasional Chorus." Usually these reverses come when an author leaves a well-worn rut, for the public likes to label its authors as well as its actors, and laughs when the comedian essays tragedy, weeps when the tragedian tries farce.

It seems all but certain, as already pointed out, that the intrinsic merit of a book, under present conditions, has little to do with its permanent success. "The Forest Lovers" of Maurice Hewlett, a true piece of romance, is nearly dead, while, on the other hand, Booth Tarkington's "Gentleman from Indiana" is still alive, and so is Charles Felton Pidgin's "Quincy Adams Sawyer." The explanation seems to be that there are strata or classes of book readers as in every other phase of humanity—one class revels in rubbish, the other loves literary lace and fine linen—but one class is as capricious as the other in the object and duration of its *engouements*. Sometimes an author can draw largely upon a contiguous class, as Frank Norris did when, after writing "The Octopus" to please the boxes, he wrote "The Pit" to please the gallery. He needed but to give rein to his sensational and melodramatic instinct to achieve the transformation, as Hall Caine need only learn critical restraint and acquire an artistic conscience to become a real master.

When an author's place in a certain class has become fixed and his work is a well-known quantity, his audience also becomes a norm from which a definite deduction is possible as to the life of a book in our day. Hall Caine

is such an author, and "The Christian" a typical book from his pen. Of this novel there were sold during the first six months 47,800 copies; during the second six months, 20,000; during the third six months, 40,000; during the fourth six months, 22,300. In the third year 7000 copies were sold; in the fourth year, 4500; in the fifth year, 8250. The fluctuations in these figures, caused by cheap editions and dramatization, which always revive interest in a book, do not permit of definite calculation; but it may fairly be assumed that the lowest annual figure, 4500 in the fourth year, comes nearest to the normal gait of the book when it has settled down. "The Christian," though it was more talked about, was not "boomed" as deliberately as "The Eternal City," which may account for 185,000 copies of Roma's story being sold to date, as against only 149,850 of "The Christian" in a longer space of time.

With authors who have thus struck their gait and found their audience, the problem is easy enough. In most cases the initial demand for their books is considerable, without being remarkable; then they settle down to a steady sale, which varies little from year to year. A book by Marion Crawford, for instance, may be relied upon to sell at least 50,000 during the first twelve months, and probably 2000 copies a year for years. A book by S. Weir Mitchell is sure of a good welcoming sale, and all his books sell steadily year after year, with "Hugh Wynne" in the lead. But alas for the innumerable minor novelist who has not created an audience for himself! His book may have sold 25,000 to 50,000 copies, which is a remarkable sale, but then it will stop short—"stop," as Frank Norris put it, "with the definiteness of an engine when the fire goes out. Thereafter not a copy, not one single solitary copy, is sold." This is the sort of book the bookseller had in mind as living from three to six months. Frank Norris was in a position to know, but perhaps he exaggerated a little. The author of "King Midas," writing anonymously in the *Independent*, boasted

that two copies of his book had been sold in the six months succeeding the first eight months, which, of course, upsets Norris's theory. The most notable example of a book of this class is Frank T. Bullen's "Cruise of the Cachalot," a whaling classic that deserved a better fate. Thirty-two thousand copies were sold the first year; a thousand copies have sufficed to supply the demand since.

Publishers are averse, "for obvious business reasons," and because "authors would probably object," to giving out any figures about the sale of books after the boom has collapsed. Frequently, no doubt, such figures would be misleading—thus the current sale of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" might lead one to believe that interest in the book had stopped, whereas reports from libraries indicate the contrary. The sale of some books, like those of Joseph Conrad and George Moore, of Henry James and George Meredith, and even of W. D. Howells, would give an altogether disproportionate idea of those authors' importance. A distinction must be drawn between a "big seller" and a "success."

By a success is meant a book that booms itself—not by some outside influence, as Gladstone's postal-cards boomed "Robert Elsmere" and Marie Bashkirtseff's *Journals*, or President Roosevelt's speech Charles Wagner's "Simple Life," but by intrinsic merit. "The Blazed Trail" was a book of this sort; it took some time to start, but after it had been out a number of months a strong demand suddenly set in, and the book is to-day one of the best sellers, new or old, on its publisher's list. "The Four Feathers," by A. E. W. Mason, affords a parallel; its sales have been increasing steadily during the past year, both in the United States and in Canada. Most remarkable of all such successes, however, is George Madden Martin's story of a little girl, "Emmy Lou," which actually sold better in its second year than in its first, and of which during last Christmas week more copies were sold than at any time except the first week after publication. Such books are self-

advertised, by word-of-mouth; and there is no reason why they should not hold their own like Edward Everett Hale's "Man Without a Country," of which 250,000 copies have been sold to date, or Louisa Alcott's books, which have reached the 2,000,000 mark without any booming methods. From books of this class will the classic shelves of the next generation be replenished. Some of these books, none can now say definitely which, will occupy the same niches then that are now held by Jessie Fothergill's "First Violin" or Blackmore's "Lorna Doone." It is easier to climb into the temple of fame with one volume in your hand than with a book-case on your back.

This brings us to the heart of the matter—the real reason why successful books drop out and are heard of no more. It is not merely because publishers have been pushing mediocre books—it has become hard enough now to make a good book go—"the public," frankly writes one prominent publisher, "is less of an ass than it used to be." The real reason is that the best of books is almost sure to be crushed to death by the new books piled on top of it. When everybody

is reading the latest, and the latest bewilders by its protean promiscuity, few find time to read anything earlier. The old books are buried under the new ones.

Speculative publishing is responsible for this deluge. Its swirling waters present a turbulent chaos, yet there can be made out upon their surface several different kinds of books. The one kind sell big and die slowly. Another kind sell fairly and die quickly. Another kind sell slowly, but keep it up. A few go slowly at first, and then burst into sudden popularity, which may or may not endure. In working out these results the merits of the book and the methods of the publisher are complicated curiously with the caprices of the reading public. "Books which we have expected to succeed," says one publisher, "and on which a large amount of money was spent, lie on our shelves or on the shelves of the booksellers to whom we have sent copies. On the other hand, books which we thought would barely live have proved successes." "One thing is sure," says another, "the modern publisher keeps guessing, and if he guesses right once in a while he feels good."

## 'Twixt the Upper and the Nether

"THAT little urchin playing in the ditch,  
What think you he designs?—he's throwing mud!  
'T is in his lusty proletarian blood  
To hate us, for, to him, we are *The Rich!*"

"Ah, well, there's more than that we must endure:  
Look out! Young Auto and his motor-car!  
Too late, with mud we both bespattered are;  
'T is in his blood; to him, we are *The Poor!*"  
TIMON OF GOTHAM.

## More Books on Italy\*

By H. D. SEDGWICK

THERE is something very cheering and delightful in the ever-renewing love which Italy inspires. In spite of all our ignorances and insensibilities, no sooner do we land upon the dock at Naples, or exchange the worthy Austrian guard for his Italian comrade, than we become so many Romeos, all full of passion and madrigals, photographs and worship. Italy is the Aphrodite of Geographical deities—

For ever wilt thou love and she be fair.

How far Aphrodite enjoys the abundant—the luxuriantly abundant—expressions of boyish affection which proceed with so much ingenuous volubility from mouths of young and old, is in part at least irrelevant. Lovers are selfish folk: wrapped in the giant's robe of their own fine frenzy they concern themselves not at all with the satisfaction or dissatisfaction which their goddess may undergo. Italy has the fatal, the vain and doubtful, gift of beauty, and, as according to the wayward contrivance of Providence, every gift has its specially imposed tax, she must endure the presence of barbarians, the "calpestare" of their beating hearts and heels, and submit to their rhapsodies.

The permanent element in Italian charm which justifies our headlong tumble into ecstasy, is not merely the "eternal feminine that lifts us heavenward," not merely feminine grace, softness, delicacy, and refinement, for these traits, potent as they are, cannot explain the universal empire of Italy; that element is different, it consists in the male, Roman, antique sternness and hardness which underlie her beauty, and, like the rocky Apennines, bestow sentiment

and color on the slopes and curves that undulate from their base. It is heroism that furnishes the heroic in great beauty, and it is heroism, displaying itself fully and freely in men,—Dante, Michelangelo, Mazzini, Garibaldi—or in art—Giotto, Masaccio, Tintoretto—or in architecture—the Cancelleria, San Petronio—or in bravado as in Colleoni and Donatello's Saint George,—which really excuses and approves our boyish infatuation. The love of Italy—for we love better than we know—is a proof of a certain deep attraction which nobility has for us, and these wanton and sentimental printed expressions of personal affection, which come in flocks about Christmas time, have something warm and cheering in them.

It is very pleasant to think of the commercial Germans, spectacles on nose, little scrip in their pouch, but opulent with technical vocabulary, bending over Fra Angelico in the Accademia delle Belle Arti, or craning their necks in San Lorenzo's chapel, drinking noisily or reverently deep draughts of *Werdelust*. All the world loves the autobiography of a lover, and that is why the windows of our great book-shops are resplendent in the dull pre-Christmas December days with reds, blues, greens, and golds, all enveloping treatises on Italian art, Giotto, Filippo Lippi, Nanni di Banco. Not a man of the great Italian art guilds from thirteen to sixteen hundred shall sleep in peace; from San Gimignano to Prato, from Siena to Gubbio, the amorous art critic goes with his vorple camera and after a brief struggle with some *custode*, after the cruel snickersnack of the Kodak and the rattle of disbursed *soldi*, with photographs, notes, and hypotheses, comes galumphing back. Art critics cannot help themselves, they must be novel in order to live; and making these pocket, or more frequently non-pocket, dictionaries on art has the insuperable difficulty of transposing portraiture into words;

\*"The Art of the Italian Renaissance," a Handbook for Students and Travellers, from the German of Heinrich Wölfflin, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1923, \$2.25 net. "Rome and the Renaissance," from the French of Julian Klaczko, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Oct., 1923, \$2.50 net. "The Oligarchy of Venice," by George B. McClellan, Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., \$1.25 net. "Forerunners of Dante," by Marcus Dods, imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.50 net.



just as in any other dictionary, even the clearest French, for example: *Nes—Partie saillante pyramidale et triangulaire*, etc. It is equally ponderous and impossible to find verbal equivalents for Fra Angelico or Sodoma.

Before me lies "The Art of the Italian Renaissance," by Herr Professor Heinrich Wölfflin. Sir Walter Armstrong in his preface calls it an interesting treatise and curiously successful, and terms the author a pioneer in the field of pure æsthetics. The book deals with the High Renaissance, Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, Fra Bartolommeo, and Andrea del Sarto, with an introductory chapter which Herr Wölfflin entitles a preliminary survey. That it is a good book for a certain class of students may well be, especially for such of us as, in ignorance and insensibility to art, naturally prefer the years fourteen hundred odd to those of the following century. We—the ignorant—are in the position of the contemporaries of the earlier painters, we are uneducated; the composition, the harmony, the space, the grand manner of the Cinquecentisti, must be explained to us,—we are shy, embarrassed, unsympathetic in their presence. Raphael, despite all his obvious beauty, his obvious grace, his obvious joy in life, needs to be diligently studied before the ordinary American spectator with his Quattrocentistic propensities can appreciate his immense art. Left to ourselves, we treat these culminating artists as a bore, we go to the Sistine Chapel and the Stanze di Raffaello, as schoolboys go to Homer and Virgil, spend our reluctant half-hours and gladly welcome the bell for recess. To meet and overcome these light moods Wölfflin is very useful, and, though a little dry, quickens the appetite for greater comprehension. For the hasty traveller, however, he cannot take the place of dear old Jakob Burckhardt, whose "Cicerone" continues indispensable. Wölfflin helps one to understand Raphael especially—most assimilative of geniuses—and to see how he, whose early pictures are so like to Perugino's, absorbed the teaching of the Floren-

tine school, and learned from Michelangelo, yet did not copy, at least not after his apprentice days, except occasionally (as in the figure of the Dead Christ in the "Entombment," which recalls the Dead Christ in the "Pietà" of Michelangelo), but made other men's work a part of his material, as Nature does, and from old matter produced new life.

To the ordinary reader perhaps Part II., with its chapters on the New Feeling, the New Beauty, the New Pictorial Form, will be the most interesting, especially as it challenges some of our ordinary notions. For instance, it is said on page 202 that in the Cinquecento, "all movement becomes more emphatic, and emotion draws a deeper and more passionate breath." It is hard to believe that the Cinquecento exceeded Botticelli or Antonio Pollaiuolo in movement; for instance how can there be more movement than in the "Birth of Venus," or in "Hercules and the Hydra"; and how can emotion be expressed more passionately, more extravagantly, than in Donatello's "Miracles of St. Anthony" at Padua? But it is not fair to quarrel with stray sentences; especially as later pages sometimes seem inclined to modify a bold and general statement made in an earlier moment of summing up. The emphasis that the author lays on the passage of art in the High Renaissance from a bourgeois to an aristocratic acceptance of life is interesting, but this idea appears to conflict with another idea of his, that the Cinquecento had no more direct dependence on the antique than had the Quattrocento. To the ordinary American, at least, the Apollo Belvidere, prince of aristocrats, and other gods, goddesses, and torsos, appear to have affected later art very profoundly. For instance, is not the Madonna delle Arpie of Andrea del Sarto the *grande dame*, the Juno, of Madonnas?

Another book lies before me, "Rome and the Renaissance," by M. Julian Klaczko, which serves as an admirable supplement to that of Wölfflin. It is a very agreeable account of Roman art in the pontificate of Julius II., and,

comforting to those æsthetically weak, brings in many interesting historical details, and, in an elaborate analysis of the works of Michelangelo and Raphael, introduces episodes of their development with explanations of influences and relieves the attention from too technical considerations. M. Klaczko knows this period (1505-1513) extremely well; and by treating it as a whole, with reference to its general intellectual and political interests, makes the rapid development of the High Renaissance much more intelligible to the tyro than the more technical work of Professor Wölfflin.

To be sure, there is some danger in wandering from art to politics. It gives the fickle reader too much rope. Unable to forget that the great intellectual and political movement of that age (perhaps the greatest European movement since the downfall of the political Roman Empire) was the rapidly approaching downfall of the ecclesiastical Roman Empire, he cannot divert his mind from the papal blindness to the writing on the wall, and he cannot accept the epithet *great* for a pope like Julius II., who spent his extraordinary energy upon building up the papal principality and upon gigantic works of art, in reckless oblivion of the European empire committed by past ages to his charge,—he cannot consider the pope solely as a potent factor in the High Renaissance, but chiefly as an undoer of the old ecclesiastical system. But this is perhaps straying from the subject. M. Klaczko is very sympathetic in all that he touches. He begins with a little account of Sixtus IV., the first della Rovere pope, and, describing the fresco of Melozzo da Forlì, contrives to give a very vivid picture of the pope and his nephews, two della Rovere, one the future Julius II., and two Riarii, one to be the husband of the famous Caterina Sforza. This account makes a very good prologue, illustrating the non-moral side of that society which, by its appreciation of beauty and grandeur, enabled the great artists to accomplish their achievements. Then the author describes (once again) the

old Basilica of St. Peter's and praises Bramante, too highly for those who see in the famous Tempietto—epicene called La Tempietto—in San Pietro in Montorio, the first waywardness that shall finally lead to the London Paul's, and do many monstrous things on its heady course. Klaczko quotes a pleasant satire on Bramante, always passionate to pull down and rebuild, which represents him as offering in heaven to rebuild the Mansions of the Blest, and especially the hard road thither; and, in general, he is full of allusions to contemporary matters, for instance, to Leo X.'s hunting parties at La Magliana (not far from Rome on the way to Ostia) which indirectly are so useful in enabling us to understand the High Renaissance. He drops interesting suggestions, for example, the perfect heedlessness of the Italians to the real Greek statuary, the unnamed Elgin marbles.

Half a century ago, a Florentine family . . . —the Acciaiuoli—reigned in Athens, and had already had for a hundred years their palace in the Propylæa. The relations between Tuscany and Attika were animated and frequent, the taste for beautiful things was already widespread, the passion for antiquity in all its effervescence; and it will be the wonder of ages to come that none of the numerous visitors to the Akropolis in the time of the Acciaiuoli should have been struck by the incomparable majesty of the Pheidias statues, should have made known their presence, and brought the good news home to the Medicean world.

This chapter he calls "A View of the Rinascimento" (Chapter VII.); and as criticism it cannot well be demurred to, especially as the humanists for nearly two centuries had had Cicero's letters to Atticus, which show how Cicero and Roman connoisseurs recognized the authority of Greek art. The criticism, however, cannot be considered novel; it is a familiar fact that Byzantine art, faithful in its way to the antique, which lasted in some vigor from the ninth to the thirteenth centuries, and spread westward to Italy, did not bring news of the Parthenon, nor did Italian painters from Duccio to Carpaccio, who got part of their training from Byzantines if not from

Byzantium, seem aware of Pheidias and Praxiteles. Taste is a matter of long education, and also, be it remembered, of fashion.

The book, perhaps less attractive in English than in French, has this special attraction, that it is evidently the work of a man of other occupations, done in leisure hours, who has thought out his own ideas without, on one hand, neglecting professional critics, or, on the other, giving too great heed to them.

There are, however, for loafers—persons who neither take art too conscientiously, nor *do* galleries in vertiginous Baedeker fashion—but two needful things, in order hugely to enjoy Italian art. One is to measure the rungs of the ladder as it were—Giotto, Masaccio, Donatello, Verocchio—by means of a moderate collection of photographs—an ounce of photographs is worth a pound of text; the second is Vasari's "Lives of the Painters," delightfulest of books, that revives these poor dead painters, so horribly mauled by critics, into living acquaintances and friends. Vasari and photographs—*basta*. Text-books are self-indulgences of German, English, American, French Romeos, infatuated with Italy, all boosting their pictorial hypotheses, and grabbing pictures and reputation from one poor dead painter in order generously and ostentatiously to bestow them on another equally dead.

Mr. McClellan's "The Oligarchy of Venice" is an essay of two hundred pages, which narrates succinctly the political history of Venice. The book is very well printed, the pages are short, the narrative is clear, and the historically minded reader, who has an eye to improving a journey from New York to Boston, will do well to take the essay in his pocket. A short history has undeniable advantages over a long history, but, on the other hand, brevity often seems to miss its proverbial vocation. In an essay like this there is no room for those doubtful facts which if not stranger are often more illuminating than truth, no room for details, none for that amplitude which the Paolo Veronese coloring of

Venetian history requires. For instance, in the case of Marino Faliero, over which Mr. McClellan is tempted to pause for a few pages, this inevitable lack of amplitude is tantalizing. The author thinks that the "great intellectual powers" of that doge are proof that he must have had some large view of statesmanship, and not have been led into his famous conspiracy by any petty motive. Perhaps Faliero does not deserve this reputation for intellectual powers. Petrarch, in a letter written shortly after the events, says:

The last doge was succeeded by an old man, who came late to the government of the state, yet too soon for the state and for himself—a man whom I had long familiarly known, but in whom opinion was mistaken, for he was of *more courage than counsel*. His name was Marino Faliero. . . . This magistrate, consecrated by the traditions of all time in that city, and worshipped as antiquity worships its divinities, has been by the Venetians, within the last three days, beheaded in the vestibule of his palace. I can ill explain the cause of such an event. But no one justifies him; all say that he sought to change I know not what in the constitution of the republic. . . . I absolve the people, though perhaps they might have indicated their rights with less severity.

But to ask for current gossip on particular events is proof of a wayward reader. Perusal of the book is like a row down the Grand Canal,—one wishes to turn down every *canaletto* and explore every palace.

The book from its brevity is necessarily a little dry. An essay on a historical subject might be more than a compendium of accepted authorities; it might state facts in such a way as to throw into relief the main elements of national life, and make a sketch, as it were, rather than take a photograph. The fundamental characteristic that distinguishes the history of Venice from that of any other European state, lies in its political and moral succession to the old Roman Empire. The cosmopolitan spirit, naturally engendered in the chief city of a civilization, migrated from Rome to Constantinople, and there had most interesting relations with the surviving Greek culture and the rising Mohammedan civilization;

from Constantinople it shifted its abode westward to Venice. It is as inheritor of the mundane, cosmopolitan, Roman spirit, enriched by Byzantine experience, that Venice is so marked and effective a figure in European history. The facts that throw this inheritance into relief might have been given. For instance, doge Orso, mentioned on page 26, was killed in civil strife between the two parties into which Venice was divided, at the very beginning (anno 737), the national party which was the local Italian party, and the Byzantine party, which unconsciously perceived the true path of Venetian destiny—not in the way of political dependence but of moral inheritance. Perhaps, however, every other reader may have his own theory as to how Mr. McClellan ought to have written his essay.

One would like to pause on such statements as these: "history has begun to be an exact science" (p. 2); "The Italian cities had preserved the spirit of municipal autonomy which they had inherited from the days of the Roman Empire" (p. 8); the "*Ghibelline* cities of Rome, Lucca, etc. . . ." (p. 54); and at *podesti* a somewhat autocratic plural for *podestà*, worthy of the palmy days of the Committee of Ten.

Laying down the book one cannot wholly agree that Venice died because of mistakes of political judgment; rather she had lived her threescore years and ten, and when the Adriatic became the unimportant creek of an unimportant sea, she inevitably withered into a school of dissolute manners for young English gentlemen and died.

I have a fourth book before me,

"Forerunners of Dante," by Prof. Marcus Dods, the distinguished biblical scholar; the secondary title, too large for the cover, "An account of some of the more important visions of the unseen world, from the earliest times," is a much truer title. Professor Dods, in a somewhat loose fashion, as if his notes had been hastily knotted together, runs through the records of these visions, poetic narratives, from Babylonian and Egyptian records, through Greek and Latin and mediæval literature, to the eve of Dante. But it was hardly fair to take Dante's name for the title-page. The importance of these sub-terrene visits is not derived from Dante, nor do they culminate in the *Divina Commedia*. In every country in Europe, for hundreds of years, men, women, and children have repeated or listened to the words, "He descended into Hell"; and that descent accepted and established in the Creed marks the centre of interest in all such matters. It is the great allegory, or epitome, of the experience of the soul, of the sick soul as Professor James calls it; he who has not descended into hell cannot *riveder le stelle* and does not comprehend the deeper significance of life. For that reason Chapters III. and IV., on the "Descensus Christi," and "Apocryphal Literature," are the most interesting in the book. In fact, with the exception of the Sixth Book of the *Æneid* there is so little in "Forerunners" to suggest Dante, that the title seems merely a somewhat out-of-place tribute to the immense modern interest in Dante, to the natural wish of which we were speaking even in the biblical mind, to escape as it were from Abraham to Dante, from Palestine to Tuscany.





"THIS LOOKS LIKE A STAG PARTY, DON'T IT?"



## Our Best Society

### II

It was not until I had removed my coat in front of the mirror and placed it carefully on the bed, that I was able to take an intelligent interest in my surroundings. I knew that Alice would not stir out of that other room till several of the guests had come; she would manage somehow to keep busy so that her dilatoriness should not be remarked. How often had I seen her wandering about a room where she really had nothing to do—just for the purpose of listening to the conversation without seeming to hear a word.

To distract myself from my nervousness I proceeded to look about the place. It was one of those terribly over-ornamented rooms that have made me shiver since the first moment when I realized the difference between decoration and simplicity. The walls were covered with a shining yellow paper—Alice has since told me it was satin—with a ridiculous flower-design. On the walls, however, were some good pictures—paintings, chiefly,—that is, the names on the frames I recognized

as good. I don't claim to be anything of an art critic: if I had my choice, even with plenty of money, I would n't have a painting in a gilt frame in the house. However, as Alice frequently remarks in my presence, that comment is of no importance. The hangings at the windows I liked; they were of some plain yellow stuff, without design, and they harmonized with the wall-paper. Of the furniture in the room, the bed interested me most. It was one of those big mahogany four-posters, and over the yellow silk coverlet had been spread a piece of filmy lace. The other furniture ought to have been mahogany, but it was not. It was conglomerate both as to material and color, and the effect, though it suggested wealth and an old-fashioned taste, was curiously disturbing. Beside the bed I noticed a table with a rack containing books. "Ha!" I said to myself. "Now we will judge what the tastes of these rich people are like." I went over to the table stealthily, as if I were doing something that reflected on my manners, and I looked over the titles of those books. They were all novels,

two by Conan Doyle, one by Marie Corelli, and "When Knighthood Was in Flower." I gasped and turned away. I was indeed in the house of the Philistines!

As soon as I had made this comment to myself, however, I felt uncomfortable. I have been careful not to call people Philistines since I read Leslie Stephen's remark that it was the name applied by prigs to people they disliked. That remark has really made me a good deal more charitable. After all, I reflected, if these people wished to read Conan Doyle and Marie Corelli, and that other fellow—why, they might still be worthy members of society. Nevertheless, I did not look forward with much zest to listening to their conversation. Of course, I knew that people like the Van Zandts could not have sound literary tastes. How could they when they never had time to read anything?

As I was examining one of the pictures, two young fellows came laughing up the stairs and burst into the room. One was blond and rosy-cheeked and innocent-looking; the other had dark, close-cropped hair and a small moustache over his full lips. They both glanced at me and then they proceeded to tear off their overcoats as if eager to rush down-stairs again.

"I wonder what my fate will be to-night," said the dark one.

"I'll bet that I take out Lettie Henderson," the blond replied. "I've taken her out five times in three weeks."

"Well, you're in luck. I have n't even seen her for nearly a month. It looks like a conspiracy, Monty, your meeting her so often."

The pink-faced boy turned to the mirror and, seizing one of the silver-backed military brushes, he proceeded to arrange his tousled hair. "Gee! I'm getting thinner and thinner!" he exclaimed. "I've lost forty pounds since I came down from the country. That's three months ago. You're good at mathematics, Teddy. Just tell me how much longer I'm likely to last."

Teddy looked critically at his friend.

By this time I had assumed an attitude of absorption in front of one of the pictures. I admired the boys' superb indifference to my presence. "Let me see," said Teddy, "your weight last summer must have been——"

"One hundred and fifty-five," Monty explained.

"One hundred and fifty-five." The expression of the dark youth's face changed from indifference to amusement.

"I've lost forty pounds since then," Monty repeated.

Teddy walked toward the mirror and looked over Monty's shoulder. "I don't see how you can last through the winter," he said, adjusting his white necktie. "It's beautiful, though," he went on reflectively, "the way you keep your complexion."

"That's hectic, the doctor says."

"Try another doctor," Teddy commented.

"Have n't you noticed how I've coughed lately?"

"I've noticed it whenever your father has been around. He seems to have a very *draughty* effect on you."

For a few moments Monty studied his face in the mirror. Then he suddenly burst into a spasm of laughter. He literally doubled up. "Say, Teddy," he exclaimed, "that's great."

At this point Teddy seemed to become, so to speak, aware of my presence. He turned to me, smiled pleasantly, and said:

"This looks like a stag-party, don't it?"

"Don't it!" Monty repeated, mockingly. "Teddy, you'd better go back to school."

"I guess we're ahead of time," Teddy remarked, unruffled.

"Say, I noticed an awfully pretty girl in the other room," said Monty, his blue eyes shining.

"What's she like?" Teddy asked.

"Awfully pretty," Monty repeated, "with a regular porcelain complexion."

"And porcelain teeth?" said Teddy, carelessly.

From across the room I could see my face in the big mirror. I hope it was the light that made it look so red.

"Perhaps I shall take her out to dinner!" Monty exclaimed, and he began to dance about the room. The boys seemed to have forgotten all about me. "If I can get at Mrs. Van Zandt first, I'll ask her to let me!"

"Who the deuce can she be?" Teddy asked, and then his eyes fell on me. I looked at him, wondering if he would have wit enough to realize the situation. But he only said: "Did you come alone, sir?" Being addressed as "sir" made me feel suddenly old.

"No, I came with my wife," I replied, with as much dignity as I could achieve.

The two boys looked at each other and then they laughed aloud. Teddy turned to me again. "We must seem beastly rude. But, of course, we did n't mean anything."

"Of course not," I replied with a smile, but feeling somehow at a hideous disadvantage. I walked toward the door and in one corner of the mirror I could see the boys exchanging glances.

In the hall I met two ladies, one young and the other not so young, standing in their wraps, and talking and laughing. They had either come in together or they had met at the door. Alice was nowhere in sight. Rather than go back to that room and face those two infants again, I resolved to wait in the hall. I had an overwhelming sense of desolation which in some way associated itself with a feeling of utter insignificance. I became horribly lonely. I longed to see Alice again. She, at any rate, would know that I was not the mere atom those boys considered me. If I could only take her hand and run down the stairs and, once in the street, draw a deep breath of relief! I regretted all my unkind thoughts of her, and I vaguely wondered how I had ever got along without her. At this moment it was hard to think of myself as ever having been unmarried. I looked back with pity on myself as I had been when I was a bachelor.

A handsome man in a long black coat came up the stairs and passed me. From the dressing-room I could hear the laughter of the two boys. Still

Alice did not come. I began to fear that something had happened to her. The boys passed me and, unconscious of my presence, ran gaily down the stairs. After a few moments, Alice *burst* into the hall. I use that word because it is the only word that describes the effect on me. I had never seen her look so pretty. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks were flushed, and her lips were parted in one of her radiant smiles. And as for her gown! In our little apartment it had not seemed so remarkable. But here!

"Well!" she said, laughing, when I had stepped forward to meet her.

"I thought you'd gone away on the fire-escape!" I whispered.

As we entered the drawing-room Mrs. Van Zandt came up to us. "Oh, Mrs. Foster," she said, with the air of surprise that so many women adopt when they greet people whom they have been fully expecting to see. "I'm delighted that you could come." Then Mrs. Van Zandt turned to me and, before Alice could present me, had offered her hand. "It's so good of you to consent to be frivolous for a time, Mr. Foster."

Mrs. Van Zandt had one of those pretty faces that easily assume the artificial smile giving a general assent to everything in the world. Beneath her air of good humor and ease I detected a nervous apprehension that made me like her. As she had turned to us she looked extremely pretty and young; but after she began to move her head, with the swiftness of the alert hostess, I saw that she had reached the terrible age when, with every change of light, beauty betrays the marks of time. At one moment she appeared to be about thirty-two; at another, it would have been generous to call her forty.

"Oh, there is some one here who wants to meet you," said Mrs. Van Zandt, glancing at Alice and then letting her eyes roam over the room.

"To meet *me*?" said Alice, with a beautiful imitation of astonishment. "Who in the world can want to meet me? I'm so used to being my husband's wife," she went on vaguely,

and, to my great relief, Mrs. Van Zandt suddenly broke away from us. Alice is continually pretending that she plays second-fiddle to me. I believe she does it all the more because she knows how it exasperates me.

For a few moments Alice and I stood together. It was a curiously embarrassing position: we really felt awkward in each other's presence.

"Hideous house!" Alice said in a low voice. "As they only rent it for the winter, I suppose they did n't want to take the trouble to refurnish. But this drawing-room is n't so bad," Alice conceded. "It's not overcrowded, at any rate, like so many New York drawing-rooms, and those red damask hangings are stunning."

"It has the merit of uniformity anyway," I assented. "If they're really so rich, I should think they could afford to have a home of their own," I added.

"But they only spend three or four months in town. The rest of the time they are at Tuxedo or Newport."

At sight of Mrs. Van Zandt approaching, with little Monty following, we instinctively drew away from each other. I call Monty little because he gave me the impression of littleness; as a matter of fact he was somewhat taller than I was myself, and his slimness made him look extremely graceful in his evening clothes. Mrs. Van Zandt introduced him to us as Mr. Dyer. As soon as she had spoken his name, he burst into a loud roar.

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed, and I noticed his voice seemed several degrees deeper than it had been upstairs. "That's an awfully good joke on your husband."

"What is?" Alice asked, in her most *ingénue* manner.

"Why, the way I talked about you before him. I guess he wanted to punch my head off."

"Oh, no!" I replied, with noble carelessness.

"Do tell me about it," I heard Alice saying, just as Mrs. Van Zandt rested her hand on my arm and walked forward toward a handsomely dressed woman with an extremely plump and

graceful neck, which she was not afraid of displaying.

"Mrs. Eustace, I know you love clever people," she said and, as she mentioned my name, I bowed low, wondering, as I often do at such moments, why we poor literary men should so persistently be treated as fools.

"Are you really clever?" said Mrs. Eustace frankly, looking into my face. Her eyes were fine and dark, and she had a clear, open forehead. She had the beauty, too, that comes less from regularity of feature than from perfect health and poise. She must have been about Mrs. Van Zandt's age; but she looked as if she had not lived nearly so long, or rather as if it had not been nearly so hard for her to live so long. I could not imagine her dodging trying lights; with her dazzling complexion she could face a search-light.

"I never know what to say when people ask me that," I replied, and something in my voice or manner made Mrs. Eustace look at me sharply.

"Then I believe you are n't clever," she remarked, with a smile that revealed large white teeth. "What a relief!"

"Why a relief?" I asked.

"Because clever people are such bores."

I must have looked astonished, for she laughed in my face. I felt a little resentful.

"I believe you are clever yourself," I said, rather tactlessly, I confess.

"Of course I'm clever. I was born so, and I've never regretted anything so much in my life."

"Why?" I asked, feeling as I imagine an amateur must feel as he stands helpless on the stage.

"Because there is nothing in the world so tiresome as cleverness. It makes people nervous. It wears them out trying to keep up with you, and they are always afraid of appearing stupid, if they miss any of your sallies. At dinner-parties I have seen an atmosphere of gloom and hate descend upon the table because one clever person was present."

During the pause that followed, Mrs.



Eustace must have read the thought that was in my mind. "We all pretend that we like cleverness, you know, but we simply dread it," she went on. "My cleverness has been the greatest curse of my life. Among other things, it has cost me my husband."

I honestly had no idea what she meant. So I pretended to accept her remark as a joke, and I laughed foolishly.

"He divorced me because he could n't endure my conversation. He used to say that it made him tired. Of course, he was polite enough to let me get the divorce, and he was too much of a gentleman to mention the real reason." She hesitated, amused, I believe, by my astonishment. "Now I think I've told you enough about myself. From the way Mrs. Van Zandt introduced you, I suppose that you are somebody. How have you managed in so short a time?"

"You might guess," I replied loftily, making an attempt to smile and feeling as if the sides of my mouth were covered with glue. At this moment there was a movement among the guests that indicated we were about to enter the dining-room.

"Gilbert Van Zandt must have come at last," said Mrs. Eustace, carelessly. "He's always late."

"Where is he?" I asked. "I've never seen him."

"That swarthy man over there, pulling down his cuffs and talking to Lettie Henderson, the pale blonde. Is n't she pretty? She's Jacob Henderson's daughter, the Wall-Street man, you know. But I dare say you've met her."

"Oh, I have n't met any one," I confessed.

Mrs. Eustace, evidently not hearing me, walked forward, letting the train of her gown sweep behind her. As we passed down the long drawing-room, and into the dining-room, where the table shone with candles and cut-glass and flowers, Van Zandt greeted us in turn, laughing and apologizing for his tardiness. There was the usual confusion and empty laughter over the seating of the guests, and at last we were

adjusted in our proper places. Alice, seated beside Gilbert Van Zandt and that insufferable Monty, was smiling and talking from one to the other. I felt as if I were miles away from her.

"Gilbert Van Zandt is a very patient man," Mrs. Eustace went on, keeping her voice low. "He works hard in his railroad office all day long and then he rushes home just in time to get into his tub and his evening clothes. You'd really think he was enjoying himself." Mrs. Eustace reached for a cocktail that stood beside her plate.

As I lifted my glass, I glanced toward Alice, and I perceived that she, too, was drinking a cocktail. Why this sight should have upset me I cannot explain. At home, when we had people to dinner, she always drank cocktails; she had also developed skill in making them. But there was something distressing to me in the thought that she was drinking with people who were virtually strangers to us. She must have seen me looking at her, for she sent me what she calls her "conjugal smile," the smile she employs when she wishes to let people see that we are perfectly happy, or, as I tell her, to prove that we are still on speaking terms.

Within two minutes after the cocktails were drunk a strange thing happened. The air was cleared of self-consciousness and embarrassment; every one appeared to be at ease. The talk, desultory and broken before, became general. The eyes of the ladies reflected the soft light of the candles; somehow we all seemed younger. For the first time I noticed how lovely and fresh were the roses banked in the centre of the table. A feeling of peace enveloped me. I assured myself that I was at my best, and yet, beneath all my sense of security, a remote inner-self scrutinized everything, including myself. This inner-self remained cold to the brightness around me, and maintained an attitude that was purely judicial.

"Now you are going to tell me about yourself, are n't you?" said Mrs. Eustace.

Instantly I saw why she was so

curious; she had recognized me as an outsider. Well, it was something, I reflected, not to be placed in the category with Monty and Teddy.

"I am a writer," I explained quietly. I don't know why I always feel ashamed when I am called on to tell what I do for a living; I feel sure that doctors and lawyers never feel so, or even business men.

"Ah!" Mrs. Eustace seemed relieved. She had catalogued me! Then she said in a matter-of-fact tone: "What do you write?"

"Novels chiefly. Sometimes short stories, occasionally a magazine article."

"How interesting!" she exclaimed, in the tone she might have employed in saying, "Dear me!" Then she added, as she bent over her oysters: "Now you'll have to tell me your name all over again and the names of all your books."

When I had recited my rather brief list, Mrs. Eustace meditated for a long time. "I've never read a line you've written!" She assumed the air of bravado that I have so often noticed in the women who think they are the first to make that remark to me.

"Well, I can't say that you have missed very much," I replied, making the reply I always make under the circumstances.

"I don't read anything," Mrs. Eustace went on indifferently. "The little I know I gather from the lectures I go to, from conversations, and from the plays I see."

"From the plays?" I said. "What can you learn from those?"

"Among other things, you can learn what idiots playwrights are!" Mrs. Eustace turned her radiant smile on me. "Don't tell me you are a playwright among your other accomplishments."

"Everybody who writes is a playwright," I explained. "We all have plays up our sleeves."

"Well, why in the world don't you get your plays produced? I'm sure they can't be worse than the plays we've been having this winter."

"Oh, Mrs. Eustace has been going to the theatre!" exclaimed Mrs. Van

Zandt, across the table. "Do tell us what is good."

"You ought to see the new comic opera at The Gaiety. It's great!" cried Monty Dyer. "There's a girl in it—she does n't come on till the third act—but she's the whole show. I forget her name, but she's wonderful. She sings an awfully funny song. Gee! I wish you could hear it. The words are great."

A silence followed, in which Monty became very ridiculous. I inwardly rejoiced. He evidently realized his position, for his pink face turned scarlet, and he turned to Alice to insist that the girl was "great."

"We must go and see her," said Alice, with the purpose, I knew at once, of putting the poor boy at ease.

"Suppose we have a theatre party," Mrs. Van Zandt suggested.

"Oh, that would be ripping!" Monty exclaimed, plainly feeling that he had been vindicated, and becoming important again.

"We're going to have one theatre party next week," Van Zandt said in an anxious tone.

"Oh, yes, dear Lily Valentine is going to act in her new play," his wife assented.

"One theatre party in a week is quite enough for me!" Van Zandt exclaimed grimly, looking around the table for support.

Monty perceived that the tide had turned against him again. In his next remark I detected the spirit of compromise. "Well, then, let's all go to see her. I'd rather see her than that other woman, anyway. Gee! I wish I could remember her name."

"Monty's bad memory is his salvation," said Lettie Henderson, in a sweet voice that suited her delicate beauty. "He's always falling in love with actresses; but, after a day or so, he can't even remember their names."

"Well, it's understood that we are all going to see Miss Valentine, isn't it?" said Mrs. Van Zandt. "Let me count. There are nine of us here. We'll have two boxes."

"You'll have to hustle if you expect

to get 'em for Lily Valentine's first night," said Monty.

"The house must have been sold out already," remarked the dark-faced man whom I had seen upstairs. Vaguely, through the maze of the talk, I had been wondering who he was. As if in response to my question, Mrs. Van Zandt turned to him and said:

"When are we going to see your portrait of Miss Valentine, Mr. Cosgrave?"

"Whenever you will come to my studio," the artist replied, in a low, serious voice, with a faint suggestion of an English accent. Something about his voice interested me, and I observed that Alice was interested too.

"Then it is finished?" Mrs. Eustace asked.

"If a portrait is ever finished," Cosgrave replied deprecatingly.

"Art is long!" Monty Dyer exclaimed in a mocking voice, and, for his very impertinence, making every one laugh.

"Now tell me what kind of stories you write," said Mrs. Eustace, in a businesslike tone. "All about love's young dream, I suppose? Or are you one of those people who write those absurd things that they call historical novels?"

"I don't write historical novels and I avoid love's young dream just as much as I can," I replied.

"Then what in the world is there left to write about?"

"The everyday doings of everyday people."

"Does any one care to read such things?"

"A few," I remarked, trying to maintain an appearance of good humor.

"There are just two good things in life," Mrs. Eustace went on, ignoring the trend of the talk, or wishing to avoid following it. "They are love and money. Love is the great illusion; money is the great reality. And in the end you will find that the only permanent comfort can come from reality."

Mrs. Eustace suddenly turned and spoke to Teddy Markoe, who was sitting beside her.

"Are you getting ready for the Horse Show?" she said.

"Well, rather," he replied.

"Teddy's going to enter three horses," Monty explained.

"I hope you're going to be in the old place," said Teddy, addressing Mrs. Van Zandt.

"Oh, yes. Gilbert has managed that. There's one thing he is really interested in. We shall be there every night."

"I'm interested in everything," Van Zandt remarked wearily. "The only trouble is, I have n't two lives."

"No one has any time in New York," said Mrs. Eustace. Then she threw a bit of bread across the table. "That is, no one but our painter man over there. And he has time because he never does anything that he does n't want to do."

"It's very important to be selfish in this world," Cosgrave remarked. "In New York it's absolutely necessary," he went on. "If I were n't selfish I never should accomplish anything."

"And no one would take any interest in you," said Van Zandt, with a laugh.

"Exactly."

"Gee! I've never accomplished anything," said Monty, in a tone intended to reach Alice, but heard by every one at the table.

"And you probably never will, Monty," Mrs. Eustace remarked. "That's one reason why you are so amusing."

"Monty is going to become one of the pillars of our new leisure-class," said Van Zandt.

"Oh, I say now, this is n't fair," Monty exclaimed.

"But I should like to know why Mr. Cosgrave is so proud of being selfish," said Mrs. Van Zandt, to keep the talk general.

"Simply because I wish to be as useful to society as I can be," the painter replied. "If I paid attention to all the claims on my time, I should simply dissipate myself. So I have established a system. A certain number of hours in the day I work. The rest of the time I amuse myself, for the sake of getting refreshment for my work. If



"MRS. VAN ZANDT CAME FORWARD"



I did n't exercise selection in my amusements I should be bored and I should get no refreshment."

"In other words, we amuse Mr. Cosgrave," exclaimed Mrs. Eustace in a loud voice.

The painter bowed. "You not only amuse, Mrs. Eustace. You edify!"

At this point a strange thing happened: the whole atmosphere of the dinner party again changed. The talk became animated and personal, relating, however, wholly to people in the little social world to which the Van Zandts belonged. Much of it touched on scandals that had occurred or were likely to occur, and to engagements that had been announced or were about to be announced or that really existed, though they were strenuously and repeatedly denied by those concerned. Naturally, Alice and I had nothing to say; but I noticed that, throughout the ordeal, which lasted till nearly the close of the dinner, Alice maintained her poise; she acted as if she knew the people referred to, and occasionally she would turn to Gilbert Van Zandt and say something that made him laugh. I felt miserably uncomfortable, but I resolved not to speak; it was far more dignified to keep silent than to "butt in." When, at last, Mrs. Van Zandt rose from the table, I could almost have cried out for joy; but my spirits drooped again as she said:

"I suppose you men will want to stay here and smoke your cigars."

"Then I shall stay with them!" exclaimed Mrs. Eustace. "I sha'n't be cheated out of my cigarette."

"Let us compromise by going into the library," Van Zandt suggested.

As we crossed the hall, I seized a chance to speak to Alice. "Was n't it awful—that last half-hour?" I whispered.

"You behaved splendidly," she whispered in reply. "You looked so scornful."

"Scornful?" I repeated, amazed.

"Yes, just as if you refused to take part in their silly talk because you were superior to it. I know it impressed Mr. Van Zandt. He said some awfully nice things about you."

"Don't you smoke!" I warned, just as Mrs. Van Zandt came up to us.

I instantly regretted having delivered that warning. As the cigarettes were passed around, I felt certain that Alice would disobey me, just to be perverse. With the greatest aplomb, and covertly giving me one of her quick glances, she took a cigarette. To my astonishment, the pretty blonde girl smoked too. But Mrs. Van Zandt, as the cigarettes were brought within her reach, shook her head and laughed.

For half an hour Mrs. Van Zandt kept moving us about as if we were pawns on a chess-board. With Gilbert Van Zandt I engaged in a labored talk of a few minutes, during which I managed to show how much I did not know about railroads. I had better luck with Lettie Henderson, chiefly because she talked nearly all the time about Alice. "I'm going to ask your wife to let me come to see her," she said. "I want so much to know her." Perhaps another reason why I liked her was because she actually knew about my writing. She had read one of my stories and she thought it was "lovely," all but the ending. Then, of course, I had to explain my theory about unhappy endings. "You see, the great thing is to make people talk about what you have written. If you just please them with a story, they'll forget all about it. But if you first please them, and then pique them at the end, they'll argue about it." She explained that she had never looked at it in that way before and it was "certainly very interesting." "But, do you know," she remarked innocently, "you are the first author I've ever met. Is n't it strange? I know ever so many painters, like Mr. Cosgrave. They seem to have more time to go about in society than authors do."

"I should think they would have less time," I said.

"Why?" she asked ingenuously, fixing her appealing eyes on my face.

"Because their working hours are so much longer."

She clasped her hands as if I had said something deeply impressive.

"Are they, really?"

"Most of the painters that I know work all day long. But the writers never work more than three or four hours a day."

"How strange! What an easy time they must have!"

"Not so easy. It's desperate business, writing. After three or four hours of writing I always feel played out."

"Fancy!" she murmured sympathetically. Then she added: "But most of the artistic people I know are portrait painters. I suppose they have plenty of time because they can work only when people are sitting to them. And it bores people so dreadfully to sit. All my friends just hate it."

At this moment Mrs. Van Zandt's manoeuvring sent Mr. Cosgrave in our direction. "Perhaps you can tell us why painters go into society more than writers do," I remarked.

"It's just a matter of business," he replied with a knowing smile. "They are on the watch for people to victimize."

"Oh, how mercenary!" said Miss Henderson.

"Of course; we are all mercenary," Cosgrave went on. "Or, rather, we all have some axe to grind."

Miss Henderson pretended to be shocked. "That's a dreadful way of looking at things."

Cosgrave turned to me. "Everything can be reduced to business, can't it, Mr. Foster? Now I'll venture to say that Foster has been making mental notes about us all the evening. That's why he's been so quiet."

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed, with fervent virtue.

"I won't believe it of him!" said Miss Henderson, giving me one of her appealing glances.

Cosgrave threw back his shoulders defiantly. "Now I've found an ideal subject to-night."

"Oh, I know," said Miss Henderson. "I knew it the very moment I saw you meet her. It made me jealous."

"I've been trying for two years to persuade Miss Henderson to sit to me," the painter explained.

"But I never have any time, Mr. Cosgrave."

Cosgrave ignored Miss Henderson's remark. He had the air of the man who is perfectly aware of what he wants and is not afraid to ask for it. "Your wife told me to consult you when I asked her to pose."

I heard myself laughing nervously. I had not realized before how disagreeable my way of laughing was. "She was just pretending that she didn't have her own way about everything."

"But I'm really serious," Cosgrave insisted.

"I'll talk with her about it," I said.

Miss Henderson saw Mrs. Van Zandt walking toward us. "It's really time for me to go, Nina," she said, with her lovely smile. "I ordered the carriage for ten and it's long past that now."

"It was so good of you to come, dear," said Mrs. Van Zandt, with a readiness so free from regret that it seemed like an invitation to the rest of us to go, too.

Alice came forward, and touched me on the arm, and a moment later we were saying good-night. I admired the ease with which Alice got herself out of the room; I was conscious of displaying a hideous awkwardness.

As soon as I ordered the carriage and had banged the door behind me, I sank back into the seat.

"It was hard for you, dear, wasn't it?" said Alice, tenderly.

"How about you?" I asked, taking her hand.

"Well—" She hesitated. "You know that saying of Goethe's you are always quoting: 'Every beginning is hard.'"

"But it won't seem so hard if it's the end too."

"Oh, but, dearest, we're committed now."

"How 'committed'?" I gasped.

"Mrs. Van Zandt is coming to lunch with us on Thursday and perhaps—"

"On Thursday! To lunch!" I said hoarsely.

"Of course, dear. I had to do something."

"But you won't expect me to be present."

"Do just as you please about that,

Edward," she said coldly. "And, of course, we shall have to go to Miss Valentine's first night. That will be really worth while. Mrs. Van Zandt spoke of it just as I was leaving." Then Alice suddenly changed the subject. "Was n't Mrs. Eustace nice? I had such a good talk with her. She's coming to see me."

"She's a divorced woman," I said sternly.

"Well, naturally," Alice replied in a tone of injury, "I know that. The papers were full of it two years ago. That is why she is so defiant about it. I suppose she informed you herself."

"Well, don't tell me the details," I exclaimed, angry with Alice for her shrewdness and determined not to give her credit.

"I won't, dear," Alice replied in her most patient manner. Then she added in a subdued voice: "I won't, until you ask for them." Then she went on cheerfully: "Still, being divorced is really ceasing to be a distinction in New York."

We did not continue our discussion until we reached home. Then at the very moment of crossing the threshold Alice made an unfortunate remark: "How small this apartment seems! Does n't it?"

"There!" I exclaimed.

"What, Edward?" she asked, letting her wrap fall on the back of a chair.

"This is the first time you have ever complained that the apartment was small."

Alice laughed pleasantly, and, brushing back her hair from her forehead, she sank into a seat. "But I've always been aware of the fact. Why should n't I mention it? And now that I've a moment to think it over, we've both talked about it before. When we first saw it we thought the rooms were too small."

I put on my smoking jacket, and, with a delicious feeling of relief, I looked about for my pipe. The sight of it was an agreeable reminder. "That was a mighty good cigar Van Zandt gave me." Then I instantly thought of that cigarette episode, but, resolving to be generous, I said nothing

about it. My generosity received the kind of reward I have observed it often gets at home. As soon as I had the pipe well going and had taken the seat facing Alice, she said:

"Did you talk shop?"

"Yes, I did," I confessed.

"Oh!" she groaned.

"I was driven to it. When people ask me questions I have to answer them. I'm not good at fencing like you."

"So that was what you were so eloquent about with Mrs. Eustace and Lettie Henderson."

"Well, what were you so eloquent about with that little idiot, Monty?"

"Oh, that child!" Alice said contemptuously. "His father's worth millions, Lettie Henderson says," she added casually. Then she went on in a coldly judicial tone: "As a beginning, Edward, it was not so bad. But we must do better."

"How do better?"

"You see, as a dinner-party it was—well, it was a rather picked-up affair. Lettie Henderson is a dear girl, but she's one of those harmless but necessary people who are invited to dinners to fill in. She's a social convenience. Mrs. Eustace,"—Alice shrugged her shoulders,—"well, being a comparatively recent *divorcee*, she's lying rather low just now. If the Van Zandts had been very particular about the evening, they would n't have asked her. Mr. Cosgrave is one of those men who dine out every night; so it's really not much to secure him. And as for those little boys—well, why they were allowed out of the nursery is a mystery to me. They have nothing but their wickedness to commend them. Mrs. Eustace informed me that they were both dreadfully wicked. And as for ourselves, we are—well, we're just beginners."

I listened in blank amazement. I could not even speak.

Alice plainly enjoyed the impression she was making. "We'll do better. We'll do better," she added gaily.

"You must have taken leave of your senses!" I exclaimed.

"No, Edward, only I'm afraid

you've taken the whole evening too seriously." I started to rise from my seat, but Alice pressed me back by the shoulders. "Don't be cross with me, please. I was only joking, honestly."

"I don't like that cynical joking," I said. "It's not nice."

"True, dear. But, in this world, it's just as well for us to keep our eyes

open. Don't you want your wife to be a success?"

"No."

Alice folded her arms and looked down on me. "Jealous?"

"Yes."

She bent forward and gave me a kiss. "Feel better?"

"Just a little," I said, trying to scowl, but really smiling.

*(To be continued)*

## The Reading Public

By H. W. BOYNTON

To speak accurately, there is no such body literate as the Reading Public. If there ever was, it must have been at the moment when the Average Man walked abroad in the flesh, and the Typical Character could be depended on to perform by the card. These general terms are a great convenience to us; they only grow troublesome when we try to make them serve for specific terms. It is hard not to do this, for it can be managed with perfect safety: "The reading public has again manifested its crass ignorance by neglecting Mr. —'s remarkable study of *The Psychology of Tennyson's Prose*."

... "The reading public has set its seal of approval on the admirable metrical romance of Sir —." So the reviewer may comfortably express himself. Perhaps his remark may be based upon the number of copies sold; or he may really be thinking something like this: "Those stupid and inadequately informed Joneses next door have again manifested," etc.; or "That reliable critic, Judge Robinson, has set his seal of approval," etc., etc. — a method of saying the thing at once less impressive and more actionable.

The fact is, the true-born American has a conviction of his inalienable right to interpret these general terms for himself. There is an inner sense of the reliability of his own judgment which comfortably informs him when the voice of the people is the voice of Heaven and when it is not. The

phrase in question is used more vaguely than others of the sort. The "music public" and the "art public," for example, are expressions which have retained a fairly distinct meaning of exclusion, of special taste. They do not profess to include everybody who can stand a tune upon a pianola, or live without inconvenience in the same house with a photogravure. The "reading public," on the other hand, may mean almost anything or almost nothing. Doubtless it came nearest to signifying something in particular before The Public learned to read. Well on in the eighteenth century, books which had literary pretensions continued to address themselves to a recognized class of readers. The audience for which Dryden and Pope and Johnson and Goldsmith wrote was a "polite" class. It could be counted upon to encourage serious attempts in any of the established forms of polite letters. Poetry and the essay were still in the ascendant; but fiction was, though reluctantly, coming to be admitted as a form in which the creative impulse might conceivably find expression. There was no classical precedent for it, no Muse to look after it, even; "story" had not yet been lopped away from "history." Yet fiction was unmistakably announcing its right to existence as a timely and indigenous literary mode. It was, in fact, to be a principal cause of the dwindling of the old reading public. There is still a small



remnant of that public, at least in England, where the influence of the classics is yet great, and where every institution has nine lives; but it is no longer The Reading Public. Its consolation must be that among the numerous constituencies which make up the modern reading world, it has only one superior and no equals.

Here we may as well get rid of any vagueness which still attaches to our subject. We are to attempt merely a rough classification of such American readers as are moved to read for other than practical motives. For pleasure, it can hardly be repeated too often, is the principal object in approaching literature or any other form of art. There are various classes which read from other motives; not only the seekers for information and opinion to whom journalism ministers, but those who read for moral or religious edification, those who merely study books (a process which lays an excellent foundation for reading, but is very different in itself), and those who read "standard" works from a sense of duty. It goes without saying that the ranks of those who read for pleasure are frequently recruited from all of these classes. *In esse*, however, they are inconsiderable from the point of view of pure literature, and this is the point of view from which we are taking our present observations.

Special conditions in America have brought about a greater confusion in matters of taste than exists in England. We hardly produce more kinds of printed matter, but we are less certain of what it all amounts to. The mere heaping up of books does not change standards; it has, however, a tendency to confuse the general apprehension of them. We have never been oversure of them. Our academic literary class, with a taste founded upon classical learning, was always small; it could not expect to hold its proportion to the rapidly increasing total of American readers. Unfortunately, neither popular education nor journalism nor any development of the democratic idea has been able to substitute a broader or sounder theory of

taste. Indeed, the tendency has been away from any theory. Our doctrine of every man his own authority has not restricted itself to the conduct of affairs, public or private; if it has not quite brought us to the point of anarchy as regards the humane arts, we have our sense of humor to thank for stopping us on the brink. No theory or practice of democracy has ever been able to change the law by which nature sets a numerical limit upon superior classes. Our slight prescription of literacy in connection with the franchise sets a standard of acquisition which the public schools are more than able to meet. But while compulsory common-schooling has immensely increased the number of persons who are able to decipher roman type, probably no country has contained so few persons in proportion to the sum of nominal literacy who have any understanding of what the canons of good literature amount to. Ignorance may be bliss, but we do not exactly profess to make it the basis of our national happiness. We prefer the foundation of a little learning; never a more dangerous thing than in its habit of giving the little learner a false sense of security in matters of judgment. There are a glorious handful who, touching a hasty lip to that heady brew, are miraculously given new vision, and cannot thereafter go far wrong. But to most of us taste will be a slow achievement toward which every sort of aid must be given by circumstance.

"Shakespeare? Oh, yes, we 'had' that at school."—"Literature? Sure! we 'took' it senior year; it had a green cover." So speaks the honest citizen whom we may allow to represent a considerable class. Endowed with an acute and practical intelligence, he went through grammar and high school with credit, but without getting the least inkling as to what the enjoyment of literature means. He is a useful man in the community. You may trust his opinion, upon any practical matter at least, as well as your own. He was "up" for the school board last year. He reads the newspapers faithfully, and is inclined to think that the

"Spectator" column is probably literature, because he cannot quite make it out. Perhaps he is right, for the modern newspaper is not an affair of pure journalism. It contains not only news and talk about news, but here and there a true touch of literature; some little picture of life not only as it is, but as it was and shall be; some record of essential and permanent emotion. Thousands of persons find their only contact with literature in the newspaper. Even the honest citizen, though he turns to his sheet for news, for items of general information, or for practical opinion, can hardly fail to be aware of the shadow, at least, of a more gracious presence.

His household probably boasts one member who is fondly asserted to be "a great hand to read"; who, in fact, takes some kind of interest in printed matter to which the rest of the family is respectfully unresponsive. It may be the last, and flimsiest, historical romance, but how is the household to know that? Is n't it advertised in the trolleys, and did n't the *Daily Megaphone* pronounce it the book of the year? And Mary likes it, and Mary is a great hand to read. The case of the honest citizen is not quite hopeless, even from the literary point of view, for he suspects the existence of a pleasure which is too fine for him.

The largest of our reading constituencies is composed of persons who read for the fun of the moment and can imagine nothing better to read for. It looks upon books as a sort of cheap substitute for the cheap theatre, and expects of a novel very much what it would expect of a clever vaudeville turn. It is a news-stand constituency, singularly susceptible to posters, and easily unmanned by the bellowing of train-boys. In its younger generation, with the fry of better classes, it feeds avidly upon the dime novel. Later it makes some figure at the public libraries, and in its solvent moments helps support Booklikers' Inns, and does not a little toward determining what the "best-selling book of the month" shall be. It does not care in the least whether what it reads is literature or not.

The honest citizen's Mary, let us suppose, belongs to a class, mainly feminine, perhaps, which cares, but does not know. She has had much the same schooling as her father, but she is naturally impressionable, and could not remain unmoved in the presence of Scott. "The Lady of the Lake" had barely converted her to poetry when Guy Mannering determined her fate as a reader of romance. She has, therefore, not only "taken" literature, she has been inoculated with it; it has, though mildly, "taken." She can never again be quite indifferent to the idea of it. The act of reading will continue to have a ritual significance for her, and though it may often be a tawdry shrine at which she worships, it is better than none. She hath done what she could; she faithfully expresses her endowment and training. So far she proves her kinship to the honest citizen. A great deal is written for her, and a great deal which is written for higher audiences finds in her approbation a comfortable limbo. The secret of her weakness is that she is theoretically aware of a distinction between amusement and pleasure, but has no actual feeling for it. In school she was under some guidance; matters were judged for her which she could not hope to determine alone; and she felt a general confidence that she was being guided rightly. Once left to herself, aware of some great vague background of "classical" or "standard" literature, she may have tried a little furtive groping among public-library catalogues. In the end it would prove easier to read the new books which, the newspaper notices inform her, are all masterpieces.

Of course this means the new novels; for not only is fiction the one form of literary art which appeals to all classes of modern readers,—to many of them it is the literary art. We need not hesitate, therefore, to make it the basis of our little comparison.

There are very many estates in the novel-reading world, and some of the least conspicuous ones are among the most interesting. Here, for instance, is a constituency numbering

hundreds of thousands which peruses the evangelical novel. It cannot persuade itself far enough away from the Scriptures to taste of confessedly secular fiction; but it can throw itself with light heart and clear conscience into the pursuit of a sensational fiction which deals with themes sufficiently blasphemous. Here again is a public which harbors a suspicion that genuine literary persons do not regard fiction as quite the goal of literary effort. It is given to explaining hurriedly, when caught red-handed, that it is not reading much of anything—only a novel. It has an instinct now and then to brush up on something "standard"—say, "Paradise Lost," or Burke's "Speech on Conciliation." *Noblesse oblige*—it can still recall the opening lines of Cæsar. It keeps on shamefacedly reading nothing but novels.

Less diverting, but equally numerous, is the class which, possessing some acquaintance with a theory of taste, deliberately chooses to disregard its practice. This is an insubordinate class, largely masculine, and jealous of any appearance of restraint or convention. It insists upon being repelled by everything which authority has pronounced to be admirable. Shakespeare *must* be dull, or dull persons would not recommend him. The — *Review must* be nonsense, for only idiots could imaginably spend their time talking about other people's books. Down with the pedants! farther down with the critics! and here's to the good fellow who reads what he pleases! —It cannot be said that he has much better luck in his choice than the others of whom we have been speaking. Nor has that numerous group of readers (there are many college-bred men among them) who know what is superior, who have a natural aptitude for it, but who are, according to their account, too much exhausted by business or professional cares to have strength left for anything but what is inferior. This group has an exact parallel in the class of formally educated theatre-goers who, with serious drama at their disposal, prefer the nonsense of "musical comedy," as the

favorite form of vaudeville is now called. There is no reply to be made to the argument which these persons urge. It need only be said that when a man has left himself no strength for rational enjoyment, he has ceased to be a normal member of society, and need not be considered in any discussion of normal conditions.

These are the classes whose patronage principally determines every extraordinary commercial success of a work of fiction. And it would be unfair to say that their total judgment is altogether valueless. If a story can give even a fleeting pleasure to a hundred thousand persons, the chances are that it has some permanent merit. We might suppose, it is true, that one person out of every thousand of our population could be counted on to be on almost any side of any question. But as a matter of fact given enterprises are supported by very much smaller percentages. A novel which "sells" five thousand copies is a reasonably profitable enterprise for the publisher. Even the novel-reading population is relatively small; there are all sorts of chances that any given person may escape from buying contact with any given book. The chances that he will escape reading contact are somewhat smaller. We have made it so easy to borrow books, now that the public library has been supplemented by vast circulating services, mainly devoted to the distribution of fiction, that a book which sells by thousands is quite likely to be read by tens of thousands.

It is, no doubt, time to cut short an enumeration of classes to which any one may, on brief reflection, be able to add. I have meant simply to call attention to the fact that there are various distinct reading constituencies surrounding, and in general independent of, the cultivated reading public. This class is, perhaps, not very much larger than it was a century ago, but its cultivation has a much broader foundation. It is grounded in some acquaintance with the best literature of ancient and modern Europe, and in a thorough knowledge of English literature. The first object with such a reader is to

give himself the chance of liking the best things. It is a mistake, certainly, to plough through a book as a task; there are many misguided persons who make a virtue of "doing" books, in precisely the spirit which leads them to "do" the continental galleries. But it is also a mistake from mere indolence or cocksureness to hang back from the attempt to enjoy in some measure what others have greatly enjoyed. Every reader has his blind spots, of which he need not be either proud or ashamed, though he may properly regret them. It is impossible for one person to get into Dante or for another to make out the charm of Tom Jones. Yet the ideal is to be able to enjoy every kind of thing and the best of every kind.

This best public prefers to own books

rather than to borrow them. It has an eye for promising novelties, but it does not readily mistake promise for achievement. More than any other reading class, including the profusely buying class, it helps determine the absolute value of books which deserve serious appraisal. How large this class is in America it would be hard to estimate; disproportionately fewer than in England, we must suppose. It constitutes, at least, a nucleus of sound acquirement and taste which should serve as a leaven. But if the whole lump is to be leavened, one fact is clear. Criticism must emphasize without ceasing, especially in commenting upon fiction, the distinction between what is merely amusing and what is capable of giving permanent delight.

## Roosevelt the Man—Roosevelt the Citizen

MR. LEUPP acquires the President of any direct responsibility for this "portrait sketch."\* Not a line of it has been submitted to him for his approval; only when his words are quoted is he the author's authority for any statement, and even the quotations are wholly from memory. It was worth while to make this disclaimer, for the book is in effect an *apologia* (though not an apology) for the President's life. Profession is made of the writer's independence of judgment; and we are told that the sparks fly when he and Mr. Roosevelt discuss certain subjects—notably the labor question. But when one is at pains to set forth some one else's views with great clearness and emphasis, a third person, in the absence of an explicit disavowal, is apt to assume that he shares them. In the present case, Mr. Leupp has made every effort to put himself in Mr. Roosevelt's place—figuratively speaking; and his opportunities of learning what lay behind the President's acts have been exceptional. For thirty years he has been the Washington cor-

respondent of the New York *Evening Post*, and for half that time he has known Mr. Roosevelt intimately. At critical moments he has been his confidant. If he admires him even more than the majority of his countrymen do, it is because he knows better than they the motives that have guided his conduct when it has most provoked controversy. Yet in his attitude there is nothing of adulation; so that while his book may make converts among the President's political opponents, it is conceivable that it will not meet the requirements of Republican campaign committees.

Mr. Leupp does not find the President half angel and half man; he does not even find him a man of extraordinary attainments. A journalist associated with the *Evening Post* for thirty years is unlikely to be a hero-worshipper, so one is not surprised to find, in the early pages of this character study, a dispassionate analysis of Mr. Roosevelt's powers:

President Roosevelt is not a genius. He is a man of no extraordinary natural capacity. As author, law-maker, administrator, huntsman, athlete, soldier, what you will, his record contains nothing

\* "The Man Roosevelt: A Portrait Sketch." By Francis E. Leupp. Appleton.



that might not have been accomplished by any man of sound physique and good intelligence. Such prestige as he enjoys above his fellows, he has acquired partly by hard work and partly by using his mother-wit in his choice of tasks, and his method of tackling them. He has simply taken up and completed what others have dropped in discouragement, sought better ways of doing what others have done before, labored always in the open, and remembered that the world moves.

This summary is excellent as far as it goes, but the casual statement that the President has "labored always in the open" is hardly an adequate recognition of the transparent and aggressive honesty of purpose to which so great a part of his prestige is due. It is this that reconciles the people to that impulsiveness which is his besetting weakness. When a man's impulses are uniformly good, it is perhaps as well that he should act on them, instead of taking counsel always with the devotees of circumlocution and red tape. "When he has decided what is the course to take," says his biographer, "in most cases he leaves the consequences entirely out of account; second, he has formed the habit, from his early youth, of following decision with action, without the needless loss of a moment. His motto is, 'Do it now.'" Apropos is a story of his college days. A horse in a stable near his lodgings made a loud noise, one night, indicating that it was cast in its stall and in danger of strangling. When his neighbors reached the spot, in hastily donned trousers, they found Theodore Roosevelt already there, and the first necessities of the horse relieved. The future President, clad only in his night-shirt, had let himself down from a second-story window. No one who knows him doubts that in the same circumstances he would do the same thing to-day. Under examination by the Commission to Investigate the War with Spain, he said: "I have always found it a good rule, when in doubt about what to do, to go ahead." It was thus that he acted in the matter of the coal-strike arbitration, and in the recognition of the Republic of Panama. If there is no

precedent for a course that seems to him necessary, he is not the man to shrink from creating one. It is this willingness and capacity to act promptly in emergencies that distinguish leaders from men born to be led.

As Mr. Leupp points out, Mr. Roosevelt is differently situated from most of his predecessors, in that he had been well-known to the American people for many years when he became President. It was not merely because he was the youngest man who had ever held the post, that he seemed so very young a man to hold it, but largely because the public had known him ever since he was a boy, or at least a youth. Everybody in America had the feeling that prompts the exclamation, when one hears an old friend or acquaintance proclaimed a genius,—"What, he? Why, I've known him ever since he was so high!" Which, after all, may not be a conclusive argument against canonization. Mr. Roosevelt had been in the public eye ever since, in his early twenties, he had become the leader of the Republican minority in the New York Legislature. His campaign at twenty-eight for the Mayoralty of New York had brought his name into prominence again. His service as Civil Service Commissioner made him a national figure; and as Commissioner of Police in New York City, Assistant Secretary of the Navy at Washington, Colonel of the "Rough Riders" in Cuba, Governor of the State of New York, and unwilling candidate for the Vice-Presidency, he was one of the most talked-of men in America. To-day he is doubtless the most popular. If, after so many years of public service in responsible positions, he is still, at forty-five, regarded as a young man, it is due not wholly to the fact that he was known first as a politically precocious youngster, but largely to his physical and mental vigor, high spirits, and outspokenness—qualities that seldom survive so long an experience of practical politics.

Mr. Leupp expressly disavows any intention to write a biography; but one will find here an account of the chief events in the President's public

career, as well before as after McKinley's tragic death called him to the White House; and an account equally interesting of his relations with the personal friends who are also his political advisers. Within its limitations, this "portrait sketch" is decidedly a success. It is dignified without being dull—or if that is too negative a way of putting it, be it said that it is written in a way that enhances the interest of a subject sufficiently interesting in itself.

Instead of poking fun at Jacob Riis or criticising him, as certain newspapers have done, we ought to be grateful for him. In this practical age, more especially in this practical country, such a man is a godsend. He has ideals that he believes in; he has enthusiasms; he is romantic, sentimental, everything that the average American is not; and it is a good thing for us to be reminded now and then of qualities such as these.

Mr. Riis's devotion to President Roosevelt is very easy to understand. To a man of his romantic temperament the President is a Sir Galahad. He sees in him a fighter for right, for the truth; a strong man with a heart as well as with convictions; and he admires him from the sole of his foot to the top of his head. It is an absolutely disinterested admiration, for Mr. Riis has proved that he is not an office-seeker. He admires the President for his qualities. He is his friend, and he loves him.

Men are not in the habit in these days of going about declaring their love for other men, but Mr. Riis does not hesitate to say that he loves Mr. Roosevelt. If Mr. Riis were an American he would not talk in this enthusiastic manner, but he is a foreigner, a Dane, with poetic ideas and absolute frankness in expressing them. Mr. Riis has not attempted in this book\* to write a "life" of Roosevelt. "I am just to write about Theodore Roosevelt as I know him," he says, "of my own knowledge or through those nearest and dearest to him. And the respon-

sibility will be mine altogether. I am not going to consult him, even if he is the President of the United States. For one thing, because, the only time I ever did, awed by his office, he sent the copy back unread with the message that he would read it in print. So, if anything goes wrong, blame me and me only."

One of the things that early attracted Mr. Riis to Theodore Roosevelt, long before he became famous, was that he was "a believer in the gospel of will." Mr. Riis follows the President from boyhood to the White House, at work and at play. He discusses him as a soldier, as a writer, as a statesman, as a hero. And there is nothing too good for him to say. Mr. Roosevelt's intimacy with Mr. Riis is well known, but he has never called him "Teddy." In fact, he says that no one who knows him calls him "Teddy." He may have been called "Ted" when he was a boy, but he is Mr. Roosevelt or Theodore to every one who knows him to-day. He does not say that Mr. Roosevelt calls him "Jake," but he admits that he would not care if he did.

Mr. Riis tells many anecdotes to prove his case for the President. To illustrate the kindness of his heart, also that of Mrs. Roosevelt, he tells how, Christmas before last, when he told the President and his wife at breakfast of his old mother who was ill in Denmark, Mrs. Roosevelt said at once, "Theodore, let us cable over our love to her." And they did.

"Where is there a mother," exclaims Mr. Riis, "who would not get up out of a sick-bed when she received a message like that, even though at first she would not believe it was true?"

Mr. Riis devotes a chapter to the President at home and at play, and he tells us what a chum he is with his children, and how they all romp and ride together. Young Theodore he thinks a chip of the old block. The President teaches his boys how to shoot, to swim, and to sail a boat, and the boys enjoy it and wish that their father was not President, so he could give them more time for play. As for Mrs. Roosevelt, he cannot say too

\* "Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen." By Jacob Riis. The Outlook Co.

much of her as a mother and a citizen. With six children, whose bringing up she superintends herself, and with all the social burdens of the mistress of the White House upon her shoulders, she will cut and sew nightgowns for the poor.

Mr. Riis tells us that the breakfast at the White House is as simple as in the average New York flat. The day begins at 8.30, and the President himself, at the head of the table, pours the coffee. "It is one of his privileges, and he looks fine as a host." The breakfast consists of oatmeal, eggs and bacon, coffee and rolls. Mr. Riis does not think that either the President or Mrs. Roosevelt would object to his saying this, and then again he likes to think "that in thousands of homes all over our land they are sharing the President's breakfast, as it were. It brings us all so much nearer together, and that is where we belong."

From breakfast to luncheon the President is in his office. In the afternoon the horses are brought up and he

goes riding with Mrs. Roosevelt or alone. When Mr. Riis is tired and worn out he goes to Washington. It is one of his three holiday cities; Boston and Springfield are the other two. Washington is his holiday city because the President is there; when he was in Albany that was one. "To Washington," says Mr. Riis, "I take my wife when we want to be young again, and we go and sit in the theatre and weep over the miseries of the lovers and rejoice with them when it all comes right in the end."

Mr. Riis dedicates his book "To the young men of America," but it is good reading for old men as well. It will remind them that they were once young, and, perhaps, enthusiastic. Mr. Riis has been accused of overdoing his friendship for the President. This is as you choose to look at it. If he were grinding axes it would be another thing; but he is not. He believes that Mr. Roosevelt is one of the finest men the world has ever seen, and he is not ashamed to say so.

## Books of To-Day and Books of To-Morrow

DEAR BELINDA,

Our old friend Mr. Dooley, of whom we have not heard so much lately, has recently started afresh, and delivered himself of some Hibernian remarks upon Lent.

"Ar-re ye keepin' Lent?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I am that," said Mr. Dooley. "I'm on'y smokin' me seegars half through, an' I take no sugar in me tay. Th' Lord give me stren-th. I'm keepin' Lent, but I'm not goin' up an' down th' shtreet tellin' people about it. I ain't anny prouder iv keepin' Lent thin I am iv keepin' clean. In our fam'ly we've always kept Lent but me Uncle Mike. He started with th' rest, an' fr a day or two he wint up an' down th' road whippin' butchers. 'T was with gr-reat difficulty, Hinnissy, that he was previnted fr'm marchin' into th' neighborin' saloons an' poorin' out th' sthrong wathers on th' flure. F'r a short distance me Uncle Mike was th' most pious man I have iver met."

Uncle Mike, though a great warrior, was not a model for a long-distance

champion. He started with the rest, but he always pulled up lame. Having studied the lives of the Saints, and finding that there was no mention that St. Jerome went without his smokes, or only went half through his cigars, he decided that Lent was not a thing to be gone through with either. The wayward Uncle is no new thing. Another old friend and mentor, Elizabeth, has published an account of a visit to an island—the island of Rügen, and she gives some seasonable hints thereon which may be taken with the remarks of Mr. Dooley and Uncle Mike. I will tell you in a minute or two what these remarks are. We know Elizabeth to be an exchangeable term for all that is delightful and wayward, and although we may be a little tired of the name Elizabeth, and wish sometimes that some of these Elizabeths would call themselves Betty, or Beth, or even do as Mr. Barry Pain has done, with his

usual brilliancy, take for his own copy-right the name Eliza, which name may not be so euphonious, but it is at any rate suggestive of humor, and therefore commands large sales. A person called Eliza is always comic, or makes other people feel comic, whereas I have known some Elizabeths to be really forbidding. The whole history of the "Elizabeth" movement will have to be gone into when the history of the twentieth century comes to be written, and we shall no doubt have a new history of the Elizabethan Drama of the twentieth century, with chapters on the history, comedy, and tragedy of the movement, and portraits of the authoress of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," Mrs. Glyn herself, Mrs. Glyn's Elizabeth, and some others who are implicated. But I was saying that "Elizabeth in Rügen" contains some excellent and seasonable exhortations, not exactly written in the episcopal style, but counsels well suited for those who live in this work-a-day world. Elizabeth says:

During the years that may properly be called riper, it has been a conviction of mine that there is nothing so absolutely bracing for the soul as the frequent turning of one's back on duties . . . Oh, ye rigid female martyrs on the rack of daily exemplariness, ye unquestioning, patient followers of paths that have been pointed out, if only you knew the wholesome joys of sometimes being less good.

Elizabeth herself, in this new book, however, takes a theological conception of her duty, and puts her best last. If any one has not yet read the book, let her not judge by the first few pages. Elizabeth warms up as she goes on. I myself found it difficult to forgive her the gibe she makes on the very first page at motors. She wished to make a tour of the island of Rügen, and she despised what is now the trustworthy motor. "As for motors," she says, "the object of a journey like mine was not the getting to the place but the going there." Elizabeth, being afraid of tramps, wisely decided that she would not go this tour alone, so she took Gertrud, her maid, once more leaving the "Man of wrath" at home alone.

In one place Elizabeth says that if you love out-of-door beauty go and spend a summer at Vilm, and then she adds that the inn is kept by a forester and his wife, the forester's functions being apparently restricted to standing picturesquely propped against a tree in front of the house. "*His wife does the rest.*" There are other little pleasantries and jokes made at the expense of cousins, maiden aunts, etc. Of cousins she thinks that there are surely too many, and that every one has more than he or she can comfortably manage. Of maiden aunts there appears to be a hint on page 129 that the next book that Elizabeth will write will bear the title, "Remarks on the Souls of Maiden Aunts." May it be so!

I often allude to the work of Mr. Chesterton, and I make no apology for doing so. This month Mr. Chesterton has issued two new books. I shall say something about one of them, at any rate. Take any of Chesterton's writings and you will see that one great attraction they possess is that, whatever the subject of the book, it contains two-thirds of remarks on things in general and one-third upon the subject named on the title-page, and his remarks on things in general are what most people read Chesterton for. Mr. Chesterton may be given a topic at random upon any subject and he will illuminate it. He recently wrote charmingly upon "Byzantine Influences in Aërated Bread." Now it appears that Mr. Duckworth, the publisher, merely uttered the monosyllabic name "Watts," and it mattered not whether it was Isaac Watts or G. F. Watts, Mr. Chesterton was ready to supply a really luminous book upon either. As it happens, Mr. Chesterton has written upon G. F. Watts, but I am bound to say that if the illustrations were withdrawn from the volume the book would, with slight alteration, do admirably as an essay upon Isaac Watts—or, in fact, upon any other worthy held in popular veneration.

Mr. Chesterton very kindly offers some excellent remarks upon Watts's love of Allegory in his paintings. Allegory is the bugbear of the ordinary



spectator at the galleries. If the ordinary spectator finds himself opposite a picture of a dancing flower-crowned figure in a rose-colored robe, he looks up the catalogue and finds that it is called "Hope." He is immediately pleased to find that it is called something, and would have been equally delighted had it been called "Portrait of Lady Warwick." It is related that when Watts's famous picture "Hope" was first exhibited some bucolic spectators were competing with each other as to which of them could offer the most humorous remarks, and the one who, it is related, succeeded best was the one who said that he felt sure the picture "Hope" meant *Hope she won't fall off*. This flippant story is not contained in Mr. Chesterton's book.

I wish I had space to quote many of Mr. Chesterton's remarks on things in general, that charming interlinear philosophy which runs through all he writes. "It does not always follow," he says, "that a man is destined to be a military conqueror because he beats other little boys at school, nor endowed with a passionate and clamorous nature because he begins this mortal life with a yell." Mr. Chesterton points, too, at the rot which is written about art-teaching lessons. You can teach Euclid or how to make paper boats, but you cannot be didactic where the needs of man are concerned. "Nobody ever held a class in philanthropy, with fifteen millionaires in a row writing cheques. Nobody ever held evening continuation classes in martyrdom, or drilled boys in a playground to die for their country." We must be thankful for this little book, which costs only two shillings.

Mr. Chesterton's second book is a novel with an alliterative title and a Gilbertian plot. It is called "The Napoleon of Notting Hill." It is a picture of London of the future—a hundred years hence. Let us hope that it will not make all the male residents of Notting Hill mistake themselves for budding Napoleons. Corsica is a dangerous subject in some quarters.

As Chesterton's novel depicts life a hundred years hence, Mrs. Jacob in her new book takes us back exactly the same distance of time. In "The Interloper" the hero and heroine meet by torchlight, and find it a proof of true sensibility to swoon when confronted with anything unusual. Ladies then met cows in the road with the same feelings with which they would now meet man-eating tigers. Mrs. Jacob has a very pretty wit and great powers of telling a story. Country life is her strong point. "A string of ducks was waddling towards a ditch with that mixture of caution and buffoonery in their appearance which make them irresistible to look at, and a hen's discordant magnificat informed the surrounding world that she had done her best for it." Mrs. Jacob's remarks upon horses will endear her to many, and her humor on all occasions is never-failing. "Agneta's voice rose in those desolate screams which are the exclusive privilege of the singer practising."

Mrs. Shorter's little volume of verse, "As Sparks Fly Upward," is a cheery contribution to the poetry of the hour. I like best the lines "To Monica," after the manner of Herrick:

When dainty Mona walks this way  
My foolish heart will beat,  
And leaves me, though I turn aside,  
To lie beneath her feet.

The book is full of pretty things which are opportune and timely in the spring-time. Irish poets and poetesses understand love and the poetry of the subject.

The "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to his Son" have been followed by "Letters of a Son to his Self-Made Father." The son, as we can imagine, is an irreverent youth, with a contempt, very properly expressed, for his father's niggardly ways. There was a boy who said to a father who was wont to pray earnestly that the wants of the needy might be supplied, but never opened his hand, "I wish I had all your money, Father, I would answer all your prayers for you."

Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, April, 1904.

## The Editor's Clearing-House

*The contributions to this department are supposed to be somewhat more intimate in manner and subject than those in other parts of the magazine. They are more or less the expression of personal feeling. It may be the airing of a grievance, the exploiting of an enthusiasm. Perhaps the remarks here made may arouse discussion among their readers. So much the better. The editor will, when moved to do so, comment on the contributions. The department will be, as it were, an editorial clearing-house in which it is hoped that every reader of THE CRITIC will become personally interested.*

### Omar, the Fugitive Moment, and American- isms

Omar was a contemporary of William the Conqueror—and of William's Fool; of the Saxon Chronicle; of *jongleurs* and troubadours, and other names as thin as wraiths. In Dante's day he was forgotten, like a dead man out of mind, and he had been for some centuries wind-blown dust when Chaucer lived at court. And yet Omar is more widely read and discussed in America to-day than any other man who wrote before the Renaissance. In a land of which Omar never dreamed and under conditions of life that seem totally different from those of the mediæval Orient, his world-philosophy is discussed among the literary coteries of New York and Boston, on transcontinental trains, and in village book clubs in California and Minnesota.

Yet is he not a fad, delivered over, like Browning and Ibsen, to be hysterically misunderstood by Summer Chautauquas and Self-culture Leagues. Those who love Omar are "artists in life," men of affairs and varied experiences, who from dealings with their fellow men, or with the stern forces of nature, have learned the conditions of their being and have evolved the catholic and unperturbed philosophy of Job and Old Omar, of Caesar and Robert Louis Stevenson. Omar is what Horace was until the death of Eugene Field and the coming of the trust—the business man's poet. The members of the Omar clubs of New York and London are authors and scientists, lords of commerce and statesmen of the period; and it was John Hay who said: "Wherever the English speech is spoken or read, the Rubaiyat have taken their place as a classic. In the Eastern states, his adepts form an esoteric sect; in the cities of the West you will find the Quatrains one of the most thoroughly read books in the club library. I heard Omar quoted once in one of the most lovely and desolate spots of the High Rockies." The man who said that is regarded by English and Continental diplomats as the

greatest master of state craft in the world. But the philosophy of life he had made for himself was identical with that of the rough frontiersman to whose lips came unconsciously as they broke camp, the sombre stanza:

"'T is but a Tent, where takes his one day's  
rest  
A Sultan to the realm of Death addressed;  
The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrash  
Strikes, and prepares it for another guest."

The writer of this essay has on several occasions heard the plainsmen of Arizona repeat lines of the Rubaiyat as naturally and unself-consciously as one might speak of a broken saddle girth.

This, then, is the notable wonder. What is there in the words of that time-buried Eastern poet to arrest the attention of an American in the twentieth century? Other bards in forgotten ages have harped on heart-strings eternally vibrant. Others have written of beauty and song. Others, like Omar, have set throbbing the sombre chords of despair and mingled gentle mirth with the memory of dead yesterdays. Horace, in unrivalled perfection of form, becomes the mentor of all high, overwrought civilizations and decadent age-ends down to the end of time. Sappho's burning lyre thrilled to a peerless passion of love, and Anacreon babbled sublimely of wine. Yet Horace is relegated to the universities and though the intoxication of love and the lust for excitants are not forgotten instincts of the race, we do not sing them in the lost meters of Anacreon and Sappho.

But one of the Rubaiyat points the moral and adorns the tale in yesterday's paper as often and quite as pointedly as the latest word of Kipling. Everywhere the Tentmaker of Naishapur, Asiatic though he be, and nine centuries dead, presents the most remarkable similarities to the very latest and most modern ways of looking at life. Time and again does he strike the American "note," as sympathetically as the last Fable of George Ade or Mr. Dooley's shrewd philosophizings:

"Some for the Glories of this World; and  
     some  
 Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;  
 Ah, take the Cash and let the Credit go,  
 Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!"

Did ever a self-made pork-packer talk straighter business to the ambitious youth of the land? One is moreover startled to find the highly involved imagery of contemporary slang only paralleled in the symbolism of the East, and that so many aeons ago was anticipated the shouting Significance of the Capital Letter School. Has universal fraternity ever found more suggestive expression than in the wet clay of the potter, "Gently, Brother, gently, pray," or the conversation of the vessels in the potter's shop:

"And then they jogged each other, Brother!  
 Brother!"

Add to this beautiful fellowship a care-freeing confidence in the Over-soul:

"The Ball no Question makes of Ayes or Noes,  
 But right or left, as strikes the player, goes;  
 And He that tossed Thee down into the  
     Field,  
 He knows about it all—He knows—He  
     knows!"

and a certain reckless insolence, quite ready to "grasp the iron hand of Fate" or

"In some corner of the hubbub couched,  
 Make game of that which makes as much of  
     Thee."

and you scarcely need an interpreter of the American Spirit; while like a refrain throughout the poem recurs the American cry for haste:

"Quick, about it, Friend!

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,  
 Before we, too, into the Dust descend.

The stars are setting and the Caravan  
 Starts for the Dawn of Nothing—Oh, make  
     Haste!"

And is not *this* Old Omar's universal appeal—this calm facing of the swiftness of Time and the sure coming of Death? What can move the heart more poignantly than "the death of a beautiful woman," unless it be the death of yourself? Poe was so far wrong. Only something so personal as this can be the most poetical idea. It is found alike in Villon's songs of wild carouse and in the Methodist Hymnal. Aside from the meter, could you tell whether this figure:

"Our life is a dream; Out Time as a Stream,  
 Glides swiftly away."

or this:

"The Bird of Time has but a little way  
 To fly—and Lo! the Bird is on the wing";

or this:

"The Arrow is flown; the Moment is gone";

is Old Omar's—or Charles Wesley's? This is the insistent fact of consciousness and sin itself is less universal. Job felt it when he wrote the oldest book in the world and said: "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle." The Athenians knew it and said: "Our father created beauty life gods, but they are mouldering in the dust; let us revel and hold wild orgies under this temple-crowned Acropolis, for soon we shall be lying by their sides." The peoples of all the sunny lands that bask in the shimmer of the Mediterranean said: "Let us eat—and drink—make love and be merry, for to-morrow we die." The Norsemen, in wild Runic Sagas of Valhalla, sang, "Let us drink deep and fight like wolves on the sea, for to-morrow we die and eternity is dark and bitter cold." The cowed friars said: "To-day man is; to-morrow he is gone. Wherefore, chastise thy body, and mingle daily thy sighs with thy tears, that after death thy spirit may be found worthy to pass into eternal felicity."

Now, the American feels this haunting sense of the swiftness of time more keenly than them all. In his heart he feels the old Norse—what do I say?—the old Greek, the old *human* gloom at the eternal, silent lapse of days. That he meets it with the fierce courage of his Norse fathers, is much. That he faces it with the jaunty good cheer of his intellectual brother, the Greek, is more. But that in the face of Destiny he has formed, not an Epicurean sybaritism, not an ascetic fatalism, but a formula of nervous strength, a challenge to external struggle and eager accomplishment—that is his excuse for being. As you see him catapulting from a trolley car, or sky-rocketing up an elevator shaft, or leaping from train to train at way stations in the heart of the Continent, you would scarcely connect the psychology of him with rotting Corinth's gilded youth, or the weird extravagances of atheistic Paris. And yet, by the sombre fires that smoulder in his eye, by the nervous gnawing of his cigar, by the feverish intensity of his manner, by his eager interest in all things under the sun, you shall know that the same

thing ails him. He has the same despair and the same pathetic desire to crowd each flying moment to the brim with "life," with joyous sensation so intense that it is pain. But life, this American has interpreted in other terms. To him it is performance, accomplishment, production, and, out of the materials at his hand, creation. His is the clean pain of travail and not the heart-sickening satiety that with each excited thrill takes away the power to thrill, but leaves the sad desire. He loves Omar because the old Persian understands so well; from the fellowship of all disastrous fight; because Omar, too, can take the impersonal attitude, and make sport of his own dismay. But not for him does the fun of living depend on,

"A Book of Verses underneath a Bough,  
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou!"

His is a terser formula, and hath somewhat more of hope, or doubt, which is much the same thing: Oh, Brother, hustle; for tomorrow we begin to live.

DAVID M. KEY.

#### **A Whitman Coincidence**

Readers of Walt Whitman's verse must often have been impressed by the intimate knowledge which they reveal of Nature and her processes. Here was a man but little travelled, but little educated, in any specific way, yet possessing a particularity of knowledge of the smaller, individual things of nature while at the same time he reached boldly out to seize with a firm grasp upon the facts of universal wisdom and truth. It is really a matter for surprise, this internal familiarity which Whitman showed in his work, with the lives and habits of the tiniest plants; the ways and wanderings of the least-known of the creatures of earth and air.

Where did he get his apparently all-embracing knowledge? is the question I have often asked myself; his accurate information, so fairly Shakespearian in its breadth and minuteness? Those of his readers who have shared this admiring delight in the *Man Universal* will, therefore, appreciate the incredulous surprise I felt when, recently, there dawned upon my consciousness the perception, deepening to conviction, of a coincidence in modern letters beside which the famous controversy-breeding one between the poems of Cora Chase and Edwin Markham on "The Man With the Hoe" sinks, insignificant, into obscurity. "When 'Omer smote his bloomin' lyre" he probably

took note of the toiling peasant in far-seen Ithaca, and if he sang of him he probably likened him to the patient ox, unless, indeed, he rejected that phrase as too trite for his purpose; but even Homer never, so far as I know, wrote of the "Man of War Bird," so that we can hardly claim a common classical source for two pieces of writing about this little-known fowl of the air, which are, in the essentials of their phrasing, almost identical.

It was in the year 1856 that Dr. Jules Michelet first published, in French, his popular book on "The Bird," which has since been translated into English and is well known to bird lovers and students of ornithology. This book contains one chapter which, under the caption of "The Triumph of Wings" treats wholly of the frigate bird, or, as the creature is better known, "The Man of War Bird." In this chapter occur the following passages.

A ship is supposed to have passed through a storm at sea, and Michelet says:

"But the black hour passes, day reappears and I see a small blue point in the heavens, happy and serene region that has rested in peace far above the hurricane. . . . It is the little ocean eagle, first and chief of the winged race, the daring navigator that never furls his sails, the lord of the tempest, the scorner of all perils, the man of war, or frigate bird.

"Here we have a bird that is virtually nothing more than wings, scarcely any body, while . . . his prodigious pinions are fifteen feet in span . . . such a bird, naturally sustained by such supports needs but allow himself to be borne along. The storm bursts; he mounts to lofty heights where he finds tranquillity. The poetic metaphor, untrue when applied to any other bird, is no exaggeration when applied to him; literally he sleeps upon the storm. When he chooses to soar his way seriously all distance vanishes: he breakfasts at the Senegal; he dines in America. Or, . . . he may continue his progress through the night, indefinitely, certain of reposing himself. Upon what? On his huge, motionless pinion, which takes upon itself all the weariness of the voyage; or on the wind, his slave, which eagerly hastens to cradle him."

Elsewhere in the same chapter Michelet says:

"Whence does it come? How is it able to rise at such enormous distances from all lands? What wills it? What comes it in quest of, if not a wreck?"

"In the vigor of their prime they do not rest upon the earth; living like the clouds, constantly floating on their vast wings from one world to the other, patiently waiting their fortune and piercing the infinite waters, the infinite heaven, with implacable glance.

"Let us envy nothing. No existence is really



free here below, no career is sufficiently extensive for us, no power of flight sufficiently great, no wing can satisfy. The most powerful is but a temporary substitute; the soul waits, demands and hopes for others."

No one who has read Walt Whitman's stirring poem, "To the Man of War Bird," can fail, recalling it, to note its almost identity with these passages. The interesting question then becomes: Which of these two pieces of writing antedates the other?

Michelet's book was first published, as I have said, in 1856. Before me is the 1867 edition of "Leaves of Grass," but the Man of War Bird poem is not in it. I find it, however, in an edition of 1888, which contains about all of Whitman's collected verse. For purposes of comparison I give the poem entire:

TO THE MAN OF WAR BIRD.

Thou who hast slept all night upon the storm,  
Waking renewed on thy prodigious pinions  
(Bursts the wild storm? Above it thou  
ascended'st,  
And rested on the sky, thy slave that cradled  
thee.)  
Now a blue point far, far in heaven floating,  
As to the light emerging here on deck I watch  
thee,  
(Myself a speck, a point on the world's float-  
ing vast)

*Michelet.*

literally he sleeps upon the storm,  
His prodigious pinions  
The storm bursts, he mounts, etc.  
Reposing . . . on the wind, his slave that  
hastens to cradle, etc.  
A small blue point in the heavens,  
Day reappears.  
What does it come in quest of, if not of  
wrecks?  
A bird which is virtually nothing more than  
wings,  
The daring navigator who never furls his sails,  
Hebreakfasts at Senegal; he dines in America

The closing thought, too, is closely similar to the idea in Michelet's chapter, though Whitman has expressed it with more of poetic force and beauty. The coincidence in its entirety is, however, as remarkable as anything of the

Far, far at sea,  
After the night's fierce drifts have strewn the  
shore with wrecks,  
With reappearing day as now so happy and  
serene,  
The rosy and elastic dawn, the flashing sun,  
The limpid spread of air cerulean,  
Thou also re-appearest.

Thou born to match the gale (thou art all  
wings)  
To cope with heaven and earth and sea and  
hurricane,  
Thou ship of air that never furlst thy sails,  
Days, even weeks, untired and onward,  
through spaces, realms gyrating,  
At dusk that lookst on Senegal, at morn  
America,  
That sports amid the lightning flash and thun-  
der cloud,  
In them, in thy experience, hadst thou my  
soul  
What joys! what joys were thine.

A little analysis of this poem will show us that more than half of it is almost literally in the phrasing of Michelet, while besides this, words here and there among the remaining lines are borrowed from or suggested by other passages in the chapter, which space does not permit me to quote, as where both call the bird a ship of air. The following will show some of the more striking parallels:

*Whitman.*

Thou who hast slept all night upon the storm,  
Thy prodigious pinions,  
Bursts the wild storm? above it thou as-  
cended'st  
And rested on the sky, thy slave that cradled  
thee.  
A blue point far, far in heaven floating  
With reappearing day  
After the night's fierce drifts have strewn the  
shore with wrecks.  
(Thou art all wings)  
Thou ship of air that never furlst thy sails  
At dusk that lookst on Senegal, at morn  
America.

sort that I have seen of late, and makes one wonder whether there are still other sources of inspiration to be found for still other of Whitman's lines.

ADELINE KNAPP.



## Books Reviewed—Fact and Fiction

It is safe to say that the title-page of Mr. Hardy's latest work \* will give his most ardent admirers pause. A man may be bold enough to write a drama on the Napoleonic wars; but when he has the hardihood—Quip Inescapable—to announce that his drama

consists of Three Parts, Nineteen Acts and One Hundred and thirty Scenes, he flies in the face of Providence and of readers. Flight the first may not abash Mr. Hardy who discovers no Providence anywhere, fly he never so far; but the second consideration no artist can deny. And if this great artist has chosen to put forth his work with thus much danger to its worldly welfare, it should be read and judged upon its merits as a play.

In the *Preface* which states Mr. Hardy's theory fully and fairly, he says: "'The Dynasts' is a play intended simply for mental performance, and not for the stage. Some critics have averred that to declare a drama as being not for the stage is to make an announcement whose subject and predicate cancel each other. The question seems to be an unimportant matter of terminology." And again: "It may hardly be necessary to inform readers that in devising this chronicle-piece no attempt has been made to create that completely organic structure of action, and closely-webbed development of character and motive, which are demanded in a drama strictly self-contained. A panoramic show like the present is a series of historical 'ordinates' (to use a term in geometry): the subject is familiar to all; and foreknowledge is assumed to fill in the curves required to combine the whole gaunt framework into an artistic unity. The spectator, in thought, becomes a performer whenever called upon, and cheerfully makes himself the utility-man of the gaps."

Now there is no reason for quarrel with this undertaking. There is, generously speaking, but one commandment in Art.—Do Anything: that you can justify. But as an artistic result, the book does not justify its method.

Mr. Hardy here demands far too much of his readers. For atmosphere, for generous understanding of a frame work far too "gaunt," for everything that makes poetry, he depends entirely upon his readers. One might say

that this enormous confidence is his first sign of optimism. And this is no Quip at all.

Interesting the book is. It is also dry and unbeautiful. In adopting this skeleton framework to show forth what he will, he has given up his own great *milieu*, with all its compelling suggestion and persuasion; and it goes to show that he can show forth nothing so clearly, as by the use of his own peculiar gifts.

In "The Dynasts," Mr. Hardy has objectified his thinkings in the *Phantom Intelligences* that comment upon the action of the *Dramatis Personæ*. There are the *Chorus of Pities*, the *Spirit of the Years*, the *Shade of the Earth*, the *Spirit Sinister*,—best because more concentered in his sinister commentary than the others. But these stern abstractions are a poor and unconvincing substitute for the golden-earthly background that unifies—and glorifies—"Tess," and gave such high promise to the early chapters of "Jude the Obscure." Moreover, these choral abstractions are no whit juster to the scheme of things, for their blank objective quality. They are unbeautiful merely, and they are sometimes unpronounceable. Witness:

"Feeble-framed dull unresolve, unresourcefulness

Sat in the halls of the kingdom's high Councilors,

Whence an untactical torpid despondency  
Weighed as with winter the national mind."

"For the large potencies  
Instilled into his idiosyncrasy——"

"Well, no more thus on what no mind can mete.

Our scope is but to register and watch  
By means of this great gift accorded us—  
The free trajection of our entities."

But there is no dramatic effectiveness in these Spirit voices, save when a Spirit, now and then, takes form as a visible speaker or passer-by among the earthly "supers" of the great war-game.—There is a touch of the peculiar suasion that belongs to drama.—The "Aerial music" indicated by a stage-direction is the only music to be found in the chorus. And we have the right to demand more from all this verse. Why will not Mr. Hardy write Poetry when he writes poetry? He can do it in prose.

In brief, "The Dynasts" is interesting: as

\* "The Dynasts: A Drama of the Napoleonic Wars." By THOMAS HARDY. Part First. Macmillan.

a great enterprise, and as a spectacle of genius completely out of its element. Above all things it indicates the very general rediscovery of dramatic form as a giant possibility.

Enceladus shall arise, for all the syndicates upon his chest.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

The Biblical novel has always a difficult test to endure because the narratives of both the Hebrew and Greek Christian Scripture are singularly forceful in their unstudied simplicity. It must be confessed that few religious novels pass the ordeal of a comparison with the sacred text and with our average ideals of Biblical characters. At long intervals a "Ben Hur" or a "Prince of the House of David" captures the popular fancy and enjoys popularity. Most of them fall from the press still-born, or like the Apocryphal Gospels drop into the valley of oblivion.

Of the two romances before us, the former \* possesses higher literary discrimination and force. Its archaeological correctness is pleasing even if somewhat studied, just as Alma Tadema's pictures excite pleasure in a sophisticated taste. At the same time there is a current of fresh and genuine feeling that runs through the pages of "The Yoke." As a matter of course the higher criticism would not find much historical accuracy in the tale because it takes the old-fashioned, uncritical view of the book of Exodus. Perhaps that matters and perhaps it does not. All depends upon the learning and temperament of the reader. Not every one can agree with those critics who feel sure that Israel never saw a bondage in Egypt, but emerged from the Juremelites, or some like hordes of Northern Arabia.

There are fine descriptions of scenery, of the cities, tombs, and temples of Egypt, and some spirited dialogue. With all this we experienced some sense of effort in reading the story. Not so much, to be sure, as in working through Mr. Meredith's "Evan Harrington" or Mr. James's "What Maisie Knew." Still one could not truthfully characterize a perusal of "The Yoke" as mental tipling, or pure intellectual self-indulgence.

"Lux Crucis" † is a story of Roman Christians in the time of Nero. One is tempted to call it a faint reflection of "Quo Vadis?"

\* "The Yoke: A Romance of the Days when the Lord Redeemed Egypt." By ELIZABETH MILLER. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50.

† "Lux Crucis: A Tale of the Great Apostle." By Samuel M. Gardenhire. Harper. \$1.50.

Yet, Mr. Gardenhire is no archaeological or historical precisian. He uses his materials with freedom. Again we encounter the tender sentiment which rules the camp, the court, the grove, for the same impulse dominates Mr. Gardenhire's little tale of three hundred and ninety pages. Consequently this may be inferred as a tale to suit every one. St. Paul figures in the narrative, and St. Peter also, although there is not one tittle of proof that Peter the Apostle ever saw Rome.

Nero, Poppæa, Acte, Tigellinus, Prefect of the Pretorian Guard, Berenice, Lucius the Senator, are historical personages made to pace through some of Mr. Gardenhire's pages.

We cheerfully recommend the book for Sunday-school libraries. No decent or healthy-minded person ought to be in any way depraved by reading it. Worse may be found at any time in our daily newspapers. Our chief regret in calling attention to these two recent books is that we cannot truthfully assign them in our judgment to the rank of standard fiction.

CHARLES JAMES WOOD.

Elizabeth, whether in the Garden or out of the Garden, is indeed a refreshing person. What a blessed and blissful ignoring of the strenuous, what an infectious delight in the out-of-door world! Since her first appearance in the German Garden, so many ladies, moved by her example have also gone a-gardening that one forgets the real winsomeness of that little book; the more recent "Benefactress," being ostensibly of the novel-genus, missed Elizabeth's most potent charm—that of a sunny personality, but in Rügen we have her of the Garden again.

It is not the Garden, however, nor the babies, but Marianne North who is responsible for Elizabeth's being in Rügen.\* The Garden in a July drought was becoming brown and browner, when Elizabeth, browsing in the library, chanced on the "Recollections of a Happy Life"; Marianne was talking of Rügen; Marianne was alluring. "I felt," writes Elizabeth, "that it needed only a little energy and in a few hours I might be floating among those jelly-fish, in the shadow of the cliffs of that legend-surrounded island.—Such a sea too! Did I not know it?—The divineness of its blue where it was deep, the clearness of its green where it was shallow?—Amber shores; lazy waves lapping them slowly;

\* "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen." By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." The Macmillan Co.

vast spaces for the eye to wander over; rocks and sea-weed and cool, gorgeous jelly-fish"—thus, and much more, Elizabeth; until, after a few pages, the reader finds himself passioned with a like ardor; he too yearns for the jelly-fish and Rügen and Marianne North, and marvels at the unreasoning stolidity of Elizabeth's ten women-friends who successively refused her invitation to walk round the island, forcing her to take the victoria and her maid, the passive and patient Gertrud.

"There is nothing," says Elizabeth, gazing at her completed equipment, "so absolutely bracing for the soul as the frequent turning of one's back upon duty." Certainly it is charming enough for the reader, even the straight road from Miltzow to Stahlbrode—the fields gay with poppies and chicory, the little church presiding over its parish of standing corn, crossing to Rügen in the boat, half smack,—half ferryboat—"the tawny sail, darned and patched in divers shades of brown and orange, towered above us against the sky. The huge mast seemed to brush along the very surface of the little white clouds. Above the ripples of the water we could hear the distant larks on either shore. . . . For one exquisite quarter of an hour we were softly lapped across in the sun, and for all that beauty we were only asked to pay three marks," she adds, with a touch of the practical which John Gilpin would have admired. And when, lying on the sands at Lauterbach, basking in the sunshine after swimming with Miss North's jelly-fish, Elizabeth pulls "The Prelude" out of her pocket to enjoy what she, with a beautiful frankness, calls "Wordsworth's adorable stodginess," one's soul would ever stay in such a frame as this instead of turning the page to meet the strenuous Charlotte, the chilly eggs, and the thumbs of the unwashed waiters.

As for the characters—Charlotte, somewhat too strident and pamphleteering in manner to be altogether believable, reminds us of our earlier friend Minora who came and sowed tares in the German Garden; "Brosy," of the "reassuring collar" and flawless German, Mrs. Harvey-Browne, placidly imposing, the Professor, helplessly learned and benevolently infantine, are amusing enough companions—if one must have them; the adventures and misadventures of these and Elizabeth's efforts to escape fate and finish her journey in peace, are the web whereof the story is woven.

But the charm of the book lies in the glimpses of sands and sky, of hidden lakes and forests of beeches—glimpses instinct with so

vivid a delight in out-of-door blessedness that for a comparison one's mind slips back to the garden-raptures of old Lawson—"What can your eye desire to see, your eares to heare, or your nose to smell that is not to be found in an Orchard?" A delight so irresistible as Elizabeth's, so infectious and overflowing in its spontaneity, is indeed refreshing; it is what another ancient gardener calls "a jucunditie of minde."

FRANCES DUNCAN.

In theory and in practice, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's methods are notably direct, impatient of academic prejudice. What writer, indeed, of the more or less narrowly conventional school Mrs. Atherton so scorns, could have brought himself so frankly *An original, suggestive, and to lure his audience, so substantially to pledge its entertainment, breathless novel.* as this altogether intrepid author has done in the first sentence of her new novel\*:

"When Fessenden Abbott heard that he was to inherit four hundred millions of dollars, he experienced the profoundest discouragement he was ever to know, except on that midnight ten years later when he stood on a moonlit balcony in Hungary, alone with the daughter of an Emperor, and opened his contemptuous American mind to the deeper problems of Europe."

But to do the book justice, it is far better than its opening sentence. It contains some brilliant writing, if some balderdash; and if its red-haired Hapsburg heroine encroach a very little upon Mr. Anthony Hope's own school of fiction, it is nevertheless an original, suggestive, and breathlessly "up-to-date" study of possibilities of a sort that Mrs. Atherton's strong and unfettered imagination peculiarly equips her to handle.

Unquestionably, there is very unusual power in that part of the book that deals with Fessenden Abbott's lonely boyhood in the Adirondacks. With a steady, secure hand Mrs. Atherton has drawn her picture of a boy life tremblingly conscious of great undeveloped powers, unspoiled, untampered with, meeting its own problems. Moreover, as a tract for millionaires with sons to educate, it ought to be of great value.

Not until this interesting boy is graduated from college does he learn the startling fact revealed in the first sentence and realize that he is to be a "ruler of kings." The elder

\*"Rulers of Kings." By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. Harper. \$1.50.



Abbott, source of the inheritance, admits that he owns "twenty-eight members of Congress, seven of the most imposing figureheads of the British aristocracy, one sovereign, and several minor presidents." From this point we are introduced to Mrs. Atherton's lively portrayal of emperors, courts, and killing-machines, and young Abbott has to divide the interest of the reader with his friend and companion, the present German Emperor,—here represented as a monarch of heroic mould, astute yet beneficent, with the ultimate destiny of amalgamating all Europe in one vast republic. But, unfortunately, as the story advances to its climax, the illusion of reality becomes thin; and when we are finally brought to the scene where "the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of Germany, Mr. Abbott, and Fessenden Abbott sat in secret and informal conclave in a small audience chamber in the Hofburg," it has practically vanished altogether. It is during this interview that young Abbott, supported by his august accomplice, threatens the aged Emperor that unless he yield him in marriage his youngest daughter, Fessenden's own invention of an electric machine capable of immediately ending any war, will be put in the hands of the Russians. At the critical point in this discussion it is not surprising that the Emperor's face "was almost purple. His heavy Hapsburg mouth was trembling." That is to say, he was vanquished, and Fessenden secured the beautiful and red-haired Archduchess Ranata,—one of those "unborn children, souls that have come too late," the author explains, here incarnated for romantic purposes.

As always, Mrs. Atherton writes with a wonderfully fresh, vital, and coherent style, and deals largely and easily with men and circumstance. It will be strange if the book is not widely read; for so far as her choice of material is concerned, she would appear to have made practically every possible concession to what popular taste is supposed to demand. Belated readers whose tastes still cling to the models of day before yesterday may find this romance a little over-generously contrived; but even they will doubtless admire the more seriously written passages, and will find diversion in the always piquant views of men and countries scattered through the volume. Such sentences as the following are especially characteristic:

"The academic standard arbitrarily established by our literary powers has given the world an entirely false idea of the American

temperament, which, in its masculine half, at least, is excitable and sentimental. It is their capacity for intense and powerful emotion, making them in mob capable of the maddest excesses of enthusiasm, which is the deep, indestructible bond of unity in the American race; that has saved it from passing off long since in fireworks; that, when it has found the courage and acquired the brain power to struggle through its artificial envelope, will permit it to become as great as it now thinks it is."

OLIVIA H. DUNBAR.

Sincerity is the crowning virtue of this novel.\* What Mrs. Van Vorst affirms, she unquestionably believes; the phases of life that she presents, she at least believes herself to have observed. Furthermore, she is as explicit as a diagram as to these "issues of life" of which she has written,—a phrase taken from the quotation from Proverbs, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life"; and she is explicit, like wise, as to the fate of those who properly heed these issues and those who do not. When there appeared, somewhat more than a year ago, the book of which Mrs. Van Vorst was co-author, "The Woman Who Toils,"—now remembered as having aroused comment from a president and supplied a theme for newspaper discussion during many months,—it was made plain that Mrs. Van Vorst held it a sad thing that women should earn their living in unpleasant ways, and largely their own fault if they were not treated considerably while doing it, woman's place being the home and her only function motherhood. That these convictions sank deep, the present book proves. And in the fable which this very earnest writer has now woven to present her beliefs more impressively than mere argument can do, she has adopted the striking if naive method of the theologians who preached an emollient heaven for the virtuous, an incandescent hell for the sinful. To a certain extent, also, the book recalls various modern French novels. Madeleine Bradford, the child-like wife and mother, if far more the French than the American ideal, and the theme of the book, that of neglected motherhood, is one which French, rather than American or English writers, are fond of exploiting.

Outside the Bradford family, which is offered as the standard of excellence, disasters

\* "The Issues of Life." By Mrs. JOHN VAN VORST. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

fall thick and fast upon the variously erring characters of this uncompromising story. Of the women who compose a certain club here described—Mrs. Van Vorst is especially severe upon clubs and colleges—one neglects her proper destiny in the form of a deserving lover, and then, being herself rejected by the reprobate whom she unwisely preferred, commits suicide. Another, through an excessive devotion to clubs and scientific theory, so neglects her only child, that, when illness overtakes him, he dies. Another, college graduate and clubwoman, is so modern that she neglects her blind father, and so oppresses the young man who is in love with her that he is driven, by way of reaction, to seek brutal pastimes. Another, who prefers clubs and social display to being a contented wife and mother, becomes an invalid. And as the more or less direct result of still another young woman's wanton ill-treatment of her lover, the automobile in which they are driving overturns, and he is killed while she lives to realize the tragedy. Even Madeleine, the perfect wife, loses her head somewhat through her season of association with this ghastly throng. Morals are on every page.

Mrs. Van Vorst's book appears crude, because in mixing her sociology and fiction, her main interest has been in the former. Her story is startling, but extremely unlike life. Unfortunately, there is nothing in this ingeniously conceived and very faulty novel that can compare with the author's humorously descriptive work in "The Woman Who Toils."

O. H. D.

M. Metchnikoff, Russian professor at the Pasteur Institute, Paris, in these chapters which he terms "Studies in Optimistic Philosophy,"\* has taken an unaccustomed point

of view. He does take man as his starting point of investigation, but lower organisms, the plant and infusoria. From this he reasons that life in all forms has its joys and sorrows, and that there may be tragedies and comedies in the world of animalculæ. He does not distinguish between feeling and consciousness. Life he regards not as the soul which sleeps in the plant, dreams in the beast, and awakens in man, but is somehow awake in all, according as its relation to its organism is complete. But life, though per-

haps a force indestructible and incapable of the least diminution, loses its individual existence when the organism of nerves (and brain in higher forms) is broken up. The Russian savant also teaches that the normal age of man should be at least one hundred and twenty years, and thinks that we shall in time discover a serum which will prolong human life to that period, barring death from accident. Only infusoria are deathless.

Now, it may be called a matter of sentiment, but to us this optimism is a Barmecide feast. Thank you for nothing. After all, sentiment is the chief factor of life and action. Is it more heartening to exclaim,

"Leave now to dogs and apes  
Man has forever?"

There is no proof that consciousness ceases when the nerves are destroyed. And what ground is there for optimism if we cease to be after, say, one hundred and twenty years? We remember the ghastly picture made by Swift of those aged and undying ones whom Gulliver found on Laputa. If human personal life be growth and development, its logical result is not prolongation, but metamorphosis. Even were some serum discovered which would feed the white corpuscle in the blood and would arrest the hardening of the walls of their veins and arteries, would not death eventually put in the great interrogation point to end the sentence of organic life? A few years more or less would not matter in face of the supreme event of death. Besides, there are social and economic problems which this great longevity would perhaps complicate. Browning's reasonings on Easter Day are enough to confute this theory of optimism, and to indicate that it may be whistling in the dark to keep up his courage. If any one wishes to be convinced of the fallacy of Professor Metchnikoff's fundamental proposition, let him read Professor Strong's "Why the Mind Has a Body." The argument cannot be reproduced in this place.

May we be allowed to suggest that too close and prolonged application to physical experimentation has left Metchnikoff no time to take into consideration other valid lines of thought, even such as lie at the foundation of all forms of physical life. The Mystery of Matter is a subject well worth pondering carefully, for without such consideration theories of life and happiness such as this can be only superficial.

CHANLER JAMES WOOD.

\*"The Nature of Man." By ELIE METCHNIKOFF. Translated by P. CHALMERS MITCHELL. Putnam. \$2.00.

The lives of the workers are so much the most absorbing subject that dwellers in cities have to think about, that once let your interest in the busy, suffering, fighting, loving, passionate "East Side" be thoroughly aroused,

The Work  
of a Young  
Western  
Writer.

and there you must remain a prisoner—or the best part of you,—so the experienced say.

Mr. Harriman tells, pictorially, the story of the Polish workers in Detroit. "The Home builders" \* is a truthful and sympathetic little story of Americans called Henry Broszcki and Julie Fernowicz. Broszcki worked in a moulding room for "ten leaden hours a day," wheeling loads of fine, flour-like sand in a stout wheelbarrow from one end of the room to the other. Julie was third stripper at the thirteenth table in a cigar factory and was "related to the complete mechanism some-

\* "The Homebuilders." By KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN. Jacobs.

what as the minute but necessary speck of paste at the point of a cigar is related to the smoke." They met at the Polonia Club dance, and his first recorded utterance to her is "Would yeh like a beer?" Although she says "Uh-huh," you grow fond of her. How they ever have time and spirit to dance, to fall in love, to buy a house, and to marry is a mystery that is familiar.

This is the best story in the collection. The others are episodes (or, as the advertisement uninvitingly states, "studies") of somewhat sombre tone, though lighted by glimmers of the slow, cynical humor of the hungry.

There is a self-consciousness in Mr. Harriman's style that gives us at moments an impatient sense of waiting for the story; but his care for his art, and his feeling for his subject win him the respect of his readers, and even—something much more worth while—their friendship.

G. E. MARTIN.

## The Book-Buyer's Guide

**Byron—The Works of Lord Byron. Poems, Vol. VII.** Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. London: Murray. Imported by Scribner. \$2.00.

This volume, completing the "Poems," contains (pp. 1-88) miscellaneous *jeux d'esprit* and minor poems, some of which are printed for the first time; a bibliography, including translations (pp. 89-348), and indexes (pp. 349-458). The bibliography, though it does not pretend to be exhaustive, is very full. The number of translations of the complete poems and of separate works is amazing. As the editor says in his preface, no other English poet, except Shakespeare, has been so widely read and so frequently translated. Of " Manfred," for instance, thirty-four translations in twelve different languages are recorded. These seven volumes, with the six of the "Journals and Letters" previously issued, make what is likely to prove the standard edition of Byron.

**Crawford—Chats on Writers and Books.** By J. N. Crawford. 2 vols. Chicago: C. H. Sergel Co. Limited ed., 275 copies, \$5.00 net; trade ed., \$2.50 net.

A collection of short popular articles on a large number of authors and books from the time of Addison and Pope to our own, originally printed in Chicago newspapers. They are rather above the literary average of such matter, often entertaining for their selection of personal anecdotes, and likely to be welcome in book form to the friends of the author.

**Locock—An Examination of the Shelley Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library.** By C. D. Locock. Oxford: Clarendon Press. \$2.50 net.

A collation of these MSS. with the printed

texts, leading to the discovery of some bits of verse before unknown, and improved readings in "Prometheus Bound" and other poems; of great interest to every critical student of Shelley.

### BIOGRAPHY

**Brown—John Addington Symonds.** By Horatio F. Brown. Smith, Elder & Co. Imported by the Scribners. \$2.00 net.

In this new edition of the biography published in 1894, the author has made no essential change, and none was needed. The original plan of letting Symonds "speak for himself" by drawing largely from the mass of letters, diaries, note-books, and memoranda which he left was eminently judicious, and the use made of the material by his literary executor was unexceptionable. The book seems to us a model of its class.

**Browne and Carlyle—The Nemesis of Froude.** By Sir James Crichton Browne and Alexander Carlyle. John Lane. \$1.00 net.

It is to be hoped that this book ends a discreditable controversy which has been unpleasantly prolonged. It must be admitted, we think, that Mr. Froude gets rather the worst of it, in spite of certain facts which he and his friends have urged in extenuation of his course.

**Buell—William Penn.** By Augustus C. Buell. Appleton. \$2.25 net.

A biography full enough for adequate treatment of its subject and yet not bulky or heavy, by an author who had already won a good

reputation in the field of colonial life and history. On the whole it is the most satisfactory account of the man and his work that we have seen.

**Collingwood—Ruskin Relics.** By W. G. Collingwood. Crowell & Co. \$2.50 net.

A book of marked interest on the personal life of Ruskin, by his official biographer. It throws much light on his habits and surroundings at Brantwood, and is copiously illustrated with photographs of his study chair, his boat, his cash-book, his garden, his library, his drawings, maps, etc. It is a curious and valuable supplement to the "Life of Ruskin" by the same author.

**Des Ècherolles—The Memoirs of Mademoiselle Des Ècherolles.** Translated from the French by Marie Clothilde Balfour, with an introduction by G. K. Fortescue. John Lane. \$1.20 net.

A new edition of this good translation of a personal narrative, interesting for the side lights it throws on the history of the Reign of Terror.

**Eliot—William Greenleaf Eliot.** By Charlotte C. Eliot. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00 net.

The biography of a man who made his mark as a clergyman, educator, and philanthropist, the founder and head of Washington University at St. Louis, an active worker in the Sanitary Commission during the Civil War, and in social reforms always, and every way worthy to be remembered and honored as a Christian patriot.

**Fields—Charles Dudley Warner.** By Mrs. James T. Fields. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.00.

An appreciative and sympathetic tribute to a most genial man and author. The many extracts from his private correspondence form one of its chief attractions, for he was a capital letter-writer. The book is a noteworthy number of the "Contemporary Men of Letters" series.

**Gosse—Jeremy Taylor.** By Edmund Gosse. Macmillan. 75 cts. net.

It is remarkable that this volume of the excellent "English Men of Letters" series should be the first detailed biography of this eminent and eloquent divine; and it is fortunate that the task of preparing it has fallen into such competent hands. The book is worthy of its subject and its author.

**Johnston—Napoleon.** By R. M. Johnston, Lecturer in Italian History at Harvard University. A. S. Barnes. \$1.00 net.

A concise but carefully written biography, with a general bibliography and others of a special character at the end of each chapter, which are well suited to guide the reader in more extended reading and study. The book is also supplied with useful maps and engravings of Napoleonic medals. We have seen no better outline of Napoleon's career and the changes he wrought in Europe.

**Knowlson—Leo Tolstoy.** By T. Sharper Knowlson. F. Warne & Co. \$1.00 net.

A brief biographical and critical study of the man, his works, his philosophy, and the principles underlying his "gospel," with speculations on his future influence, particularly in Russia. A bibliography of his works and the English translations, many of which are pronounced to be "most inaccurate," sometimes making Tolstoy "say the very opposite of what he really did say," is appended.

**Konkle—The Life and Times of Thomas Smith, 1749-1809.** By Burton A. Konkle. Philadelphia: Campion & Co. \$4.00 net.

A notable contribution to Colonial and early American history, by a member of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. Smith was a member of the Congress of 1781-2, an eminent lawyer and judge of the Supreme Court of the State, active in the Constitutional Convention of 1787, and intimately associated with many of the most prominent men of his time. More than forty maps, portraits, and other illustrations add to the value of the edition, which is limited to 500 copies.

**Lang—The Mystery of Mary Stuart.** By Andrew Lang. Longmans. \$1.50.

A cheaper edition, with so many corrections and alterations that it is in the main a new work. It is an ingenious and earnest special plea in behalf of Queen Mary, and if it fails to prove her innocence, it exposes the nefarious methods of her accusers, which, as the author urges, may at least lead us to doubt the guilt of "the foredoomed, distraught, but by nature noble-hearted, loyal, brave, and fascinating daughter of an unhappy and fated line."

**Phelps—Abbas Effendi: His Life and Teachings.** By Myron H. Phelps. Putnam. \$1.40 net.

A development in Islam that is marked not by fanaticism, but by charity and recognition of the essence of religion in other faiths—verily this is a modern miracle! Yet this is what is going on in western Asia. THE CRITIC has given reviews of Babism in other numbers, especially when treating of "A Year Among the Persians," by Prof. E. G. Browne of Cambridge, the original investigator of the religion of the Babis of Persia, and who here furnishes a critical and illuminating preface. Abbas Effendi, now living, in a very Jesus-like manner, at Akka in Syria, is the successor of the founder, and this volume sets forth his noble teaching, which is astonishingly like the Christianity of Jesus, before it was hardened and distorted and Occidentalized in ecclesiastical corporations and made into political engines. Though accepting the Koran, Abbas recognizes the truth that while religions are many, religion is one. This is a work of extreme fascination to the student of modern and living religion.

**Richardson—Daniel Webster for Young Americans.** Edited by Chas. F. Richardson. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.00.

The best orations of Webster, with an introduction by the editor, and E. P. Whipple's



essay on his style; illustrated by portraits, historical paintings, fac-similes, etc. It is equally suited to use in schools and to general reading.

**Thorpe—William Pepper, M.D., LL.D.** By Francis Newton Thorpe. Lippincott. \$3.50 net.

An excellent biography of a man eminent as a physician and medical writer, as provost (or president) of the University of Pennsylvania, which owes to him more than any other man its development from a mere local college to its present broader character and national reputation, and also for his public services in the promotion of the interests of literature, science, and art in Philadelphia, where he was as active in the improvement of public libraries, museums, and other outside movements for the general welfare as in his official duties in the University. His biographer, who was associated with him in that institution and his intimate friend for thirteen years, and who has received valuable assistance from his family, has done his work thoroughly and well.

#### FICTION

**Crommelin—Famous Legends.** Adapted for Children by Emmeline G. Crommelin. Century Co. \$1.25.

The famous legends of England, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Scandinavia, and other European countries, put into simple and attractive form for the small folk, with illustrations in keeping.

**Dudeney—The Story of Susan.** By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

A more quaint and imaginative little tale than "The Story of Susan" it would be hard to find. With the first chapter we are carried, as by the London and Brighton coach, to Liddleshorn, Sussex, and it is 1830. The story is full of imagination, full of atmosphere, of humor, and of indescribable charm. It has power to move and stir, as well as to captivate. The illustrations by Paul Hardy are excellent and add much to the enjoyment of the book.

**Dunbar—In Old Plantation Days.** By Paul Laurence Dunbar. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

These studies of plantation life before the war suggest that verse is Mr. Dunbar's proper field. To his knowledge of dialect and negro traits no exception can be taken, but the picture of plantation life seems on the whole rather weak and superficial. He has evidently wished to give pleasant and engaging pictures of both the black and the white people under conditions of slavery; but there is no real study of character, and apart from the interest of their subject the sketches have little artistic merit.

**Duncan—The Imperialist.** By Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan). Appleton. \$1.50.

Mrs. Everard Cotes's new story, "The Imperialist," concerns itself with the growing

sense of a united British Empire, in the Young Canadian party. According to her, they see a great menace in the commercial inroads of the United States, and attribute to us a more far-sighted and crafty policy toward our neighbor than many of our citizens are themselves conscious of. It is a pity for her clever and forceful book that Mrs. Cotes permits her hero such arguments as these: "And this republic, that menaces our national life with commercial extinction, what past has she that is comparable? The daughter who left the old stock to be the light woman among nations, welcoming all comers, mingling her pure blood, polluting her lofty ideals, until it is hard indeed to recognize the features and the aims of her honorable youth." "Allowance will be made," apologizes the author, "for the intemperance of his figure. He believed himself, you see, at the bar for the life of a nation."

It would be interesting to those who have any curiosity at all on the subject, to know if these are the sentiments of Canadians toward us; can so much jealousy and ill-will exist where nothing but good-humor and toleration are returned? And a disparaging comparison of our past with that of Canada is so novel a point of view that it is only interesting to find that any one can hold it.

However, this is not the great issue of the book, which is the idea of union in the British Empire. The book is closely and skilfully written, and contains 476 pages. Details are dwelt upon with the minuteness of Tolstoi or George Eliot, and without perhaps the "portrait-eating, portrait-painting eyes" that light up the details of either of these geniuses. The love story, or love stories, for there are two, are full of humor and of human nature.

**Harrison—Sylvia's Husband.** By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Appleton. \$1.25.

A story of the smart set is Mrs. Harrison's novelette de luxe. It is a pretty book, and just the right length—and depth—to tuck into one's travelling bag for perusal on deck or on the piazza. A crowd of lively pleasure-lovers meet at a castle in Ireland, the bachelor abode of Sir Hugh Sargent, and there most of the characters fall in love, but with that perversity of choice that lovers exhibit in and out of fiction. They are not properly assorted until the last page, which gives time for many entrances and exits and much lively conversation. "It's not love I'd be callin' it," says handsome Captain O'Rourke. "'Tis the twentieth-century substitute! Bedad, if 't was meself choosin', I'd ask for the old-fashioned common or Garden-of-Eden article." This remark is made to a buxom widow-by-courtesy, whose rich name, Fair-and-Forty, is affectionately shortened to "Forty." In Richard Strauss's tone poem "Don Quixote" there is a passage which describes the incident of the aerial hobby-horse ride. The music soars higher and higher, the wind blows and the clouds float in upper air, but all the time a humorous persistent tremolo on the basses reminds us that the Don and his servant have never really left the ground. Mrs. Harrison's story should be accompanied by an obligato to explain that it takes place in some upper

stratum of frivolity, and never touches its toe to solid earth.

**Hawthorne—A Country Interlude.** A Novellette. By Hildegarde Hawthorne. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

A branch of mimosa, in its delicacy and its perfume, is Hildegarde Hawthorne's maiden offering, "A Country Interlude." Thanks for a delightful little book! Spring is always delightful, and always surprising, and a fresh and tender and thoughtful little story is somehow also surprising. It is told in the form of letters from Imogen in the country to her friend. The letters are filled with the girl's joy in living, her joy in nature, her joy in her freedom, and in her captivity. A pretty love story grows out of them as softly and inevitably as a pussy-willow. The descriptions of nature, of weather, and the scents of earth and all things a-growing and a-blowing are so tenderly appreciative that it makes one long impatiently for summer and country air.

It is natural that the daughter of Julian Hawthorne and the granddaughter of Nathaniel should be able to do what she likes with a pen. It is her first book, and we are glad to welcome it.

**Kufferath—The Parsifal of Richard Wagner.** Translated from the French of Maurice Kufferath by Louise Heuermann. Holt. \$1.50 net.

It may be taken as a fact that to go to "Parsifal" without informing oneself a little as to the poem, the music, and the atmosphere is to throw away an opportunity. But whether one intends to hear "Parsifal" or not, here is a book that is worth reading for its full and accurate information, and for its clear and peculiarly winning literary style.

The author begins with the earliest Breton, Welsh, and Provençal legends of the Grail, and follows the theme through the poems of Chrétien de Troies and Wolfram von Eschenbach, and finally of Wagner himself. A very clear and interesting synopsis of Wagner's poem is given, and a suggestive analysis of the music, illustrated by many examples (in notation) and of simply inestimable value to the amateur who wishes to hear "Parsifal" and enjoy it.

The old legends and poems are described with great naïveté and charm. "Let us," says the author, "guard against forcing the meaning of these old legends too far, for we thus rob them of that simplicity which constitutes their great poetic charm." The poem of Chrétien de Troies is particularly winning, and makes that appeal that we feel in "Everyman" and in the gentle tales of Chaucer. It relates Parceval's early adventures, when he set out to be a knight, and tried to follow in his simplicity his mother's instructions.

The book is written with enthusiasm and with scholarly command, and well merits the complimentary introduction of Mr. Krehbiel. It is illustrated by photographs of the scenes at the Metropolitan Opera House, and is dedicated to that great "Parsifal" interpreter, Anton Seidl. The translation is good.

**Mann—The World Destroyer.** By Horace Mann. Lucas-Lincoln Co. \$1.00.

We have our doubts about the healthfulness of this book and others like it, which, Heaven be praised! are not many. It purports to be the autobiography of an insane man. Only the alienist is competent to pass upon the accuracy of the workings of the mind of the maniac whose account of himself constitutes this story. As for the rest, the diction is blameless and the moral trend beyond censure. Yet why should such an unpleasant fancy be put in type?

**Morris—Left in Charge.** By Clara Morris. Dillingham. \$1.50.

Clara Morris has a large following in her new profession, and it is easy to feel in her writings the force, the dash, and the intensity that made her acting unique.

"Left in Charge" is vividly written, and rushes breathlessly from incident to incident, from emotion to emotion. Everything happens. The villain will be the joy of many hearts, so blackly villainous is he. He had the two qualities "always" fatal to the peace of womankind—the gift o' gab and "the com' hither eye." The eye is later described as *vulpine*. The scene is laid for the most part in Central Illinois. There is an abandoned wife, a Katherine with "the temper of Petrucchio's Kate," a handsome young giant who—somehow—had been prevented from learning to read until his twenty-first year, a jealous beauty, and the villain who still pursued. The match is applied to this material and the melodrama flames up before our eyes. There is much heart and insight in the descriptions of nature and of farm life (sordid though the conditions are), and in the sympathetic picture of the little girl.

**Ray—The Dominant Strain.** By Anna Chapin Ray. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

A "society novel," purporting to treat realistically of fashionable and musical New York and the manner of their intermingling. Beyond this, the book is concerned with a problem and a moral, the latter being that it is unwise to marry a man with the hope of "reforming" him. There is some rather vivacious dialogue, but none of the characters achieves reality.

**Sawyer—Teutonic Legends.** By W. C. Sawyer. Ph.D. Lippincott. \$2.00 net.

The legends are those of the Nibelungen Lied and the Nibelungen Ring, and the author, who is Professor of German in the University of the Pacific, relates them in a manner at once scholarly and simple. Professor Schultze of Dresden contributes an introduction on "The Legendary in German Literature," dealing with its development, its moral and religious value, and Wagner's treatment of the legends.

**Scollard—Count Falcon of the Eyrie.** By Clinton Scollard. \$1.25.

A highly colored story of mediæval Italy, filled with the romantic adventures of a noble soldier of fortune. A readable story and one

which evidently aims to be no more than that. The book has more humor and more lightness, in spite of its grim scenes, than most of the novels with which it invites comparison.

**Stevenson—The Holladay Case.** By Burton E. Stevenson. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.

This is a somewhat noteworthy detective story that almost instantly commands the reader's interest because the criminal and heroine are supposed to be one and the same person,—a very lovely girl with whom the lawyer who handles her case is in love. This is in itself a revealing and appealing combination of circumstances, aside from the exciting details of the mystery and its unfolding. As a detective story "The Holladay Case" is of the Conan Doyle order, but successfully maintains an independent line of action as well as an original plot.

**Thorne—When It Was Dark. The Story of a Great Conspiracy.** By Guy Thorne. Putnam. \$1.25.

The great conspiracy indicated in the subtitle of Mr. Guy Thorne's book was an attempt (without sufficient motive) on the part of two learned and influential oriental scholars to overthrow Christianity by disproving its Founder's claim to divinity. This they accomplish (for the space of a few months) by the pretended discovery of a tomb containing a forged inscription, a confession by Joseph of Arimathea. The book, which is not without cleverness, is devoted to the effects of this overturning idea, and the efforts of the hero to detect and frustrate the plot. The attitudes of the various religious bodies, the editorials in the leading papers; the absolute ignoring of the discovery by the Roman Catholic Church,—these are cleverly imagined, and the plot throughout is interesting. Questions are inevitably suggested to one's mind. Would such a discovery bring any very great crisis to us—with "our prayers so languid and our faith so dim"? Would it, if proved, have the destructive effect upon Christianity that the author suggests?

As to the style of the book, one walks naturally into the obvious snare, and states that the author is without a sense of humor. But he is ready for us. "Such people would have said with facile pedantry that this girl possessed no sense of humor, imagining that they were reproaching her. For by some strange mental perversion most people would rather be told that they lack a sense of humor, and it is quite certain that this was said of John the Baptist as he preached in his unconventional raiment upon Jordan's banks."

Unfortunately, a lack of humor often denotes the absence of another sense, and Mr. Thorne's psychology is not convincing. When he tells us that certain events had certain effects on his characters, we say, "That is not true." And it is not enough for him to retort "Who's telling this story?"

The revolting "second picture" in the Epilogue will give only too clear an idea of the author's lack of respect for our human nature, and his total unconsciousness of this attitude.

After all, in spite of its clever plot and interesting episodes, the book suggests one other question: Was it desirable to write it at all?

**Waltz—Pa Gladden.** By Elizabeth Cherry Waltz. \$1.50.

Elizabeth Cherry Waltz has gone from us, but she has left us "Pa Gladden"—a "common man" she calls him, who is indeed a most uncommon man. He has the chivalry of a Sir Galahad, a belief in "redeemin' love" that equals Brunnhilde's, and a very genius for prayer. He lives in a poor and hard-working community (where, it must be admitted, they speak a dialect trying to the musical ear), but by his simplicity, his sympathy, and his enthusiasm, he makes that place a little heaven, and even visitors to it in the end partake of his angelic disposition. The author had an eye quick to see the beauty and the poetry in nature, and divinely blind to the cynical and worldly in man. A gentle humor lights up the story. Pa Gladden loves to see things happen, as he loves to exercise his gift for prayer.

Those who like to read of quaint rural lives and humble philosophies will enjoy these quiet tales, so amazingly remote from the problems and passions of these busy times.

## HISTORY

**Apperson—Bygone London Life.** By G. L. Apperson. Jas. Pott & Co. \$1.50 net.

Graphic sketches of the old-time restaurants, taverns, and coffee-houses, of certain "old London swells"—the Restoration beau, the "pretty fellows," the "ducks and bloods," and the "macaronies,"—and old London characters, like the night bellman, the waterman of the Thames, the link-boy, the chairman (of the sedan chair), the Bow Street runners, and others whose occupation is long since gone; with much else characteristic of the two centuries between the Elizabethan and Georgian periods. The book is copiously illustrated.

**Fiske—Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America.** By John Fiske. Illustrated edition. 24 full-page photogravure portraits, besides over 200 other illustrations and maps and other historical material. 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$8.00.

We have here a sumptuous edition of one of the last works that came from Fiske's delightful and prolific pen, beautifully printed and copiously illustrated,—somewhat too copiously, in fact. Some of the illustrative matter were better omitted. Amid the admirable facsimiles of contemporaneous documents, of good portraits, and of excellent maps there are quaint conceptions of scenes and places which may do credit to the artist's imagination, but which assuredly should not be classed with the others as historical. The medley is a serious blemish. Pictures of Radbod refusing baptism, of Peter Stuyvesant rebuking a cobbler, of William Kieft introducing a new punishment for beggars, should not be grouped with fine



reproductions of Holbein's "Erasmus" and other authentic portraits in a serious work.

As to the illustrations, the author had no choice. Yet in a measure their presence accentuates the weak points of these chapters of Fiske's work. The impression of disappointment left by the first reading of "The Dutch and Quaker Colonies" retains on a second examination of the narrative in this new form. Fiske does not show the same close touch, the same sympathy, here as he does in treating of New England. At least that may be said of the New York portion. There is the same undeniable charm in the simple, lucid, vigorous style, but there is an evident lack of intimate knowledge of authorities, or at least of discrimination in their use.

As a single instance of Fiske's evident neglect of original documents in his story of New York, take the Jacob Leisler episode. This interim governor, at the time of "the late happy revolution" of 1688, has received the harshest treatment lately at the hands of Mr. Fortescue, editor of "America and the West Indies, 1680-92," in the *Calendar of British State Papers* (London, 1901). He writes him down as the vulgar leader of a mob, and in giving summaries of documents leaves out phrases that are eloquent of another interpretation. Fiske calls Leisler a crank, but neglects much that shows the method in his madness. While disagreeing with Brodhead, he still seems to have depended chiefly on him for information. The first royal letter from William and Mary, which Jacob Leisler considered as his commission, was addressed not only to "Our lieutenant gov.," but also "or to such as for the time being take care for preserving the peace and administering the Laws in their Maj<sup>ties</sup> Province of New York." This phrase fitted his case so aptly that Leisler considered it as inspired by God. That is why he refused to plead at his trial and was condemned as a mute, a point also unnoticed by Fiske.

No, certainly Fiske did not know his ground here as in New England, but all that has been discussed before.

**Hitchcock—The Louisiana Purchase.** By Ripley Hitchcock. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.25.

A timely book and a good one, giving in clear and concise form an account of the early exploration, history, and development of the West; including much information not readily accessible to the general reader. The book is well illustrated, largely from old engravings and other early sources.

**Semple—American History and Its Geographic Conditions.** By Ellen Churchill Semple. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$3.00 net.

The Atlantic states of Europe are shown to have been the discoverers and colonizers of America, and the influence of the rivers of North America upon early exploration and settlement is pointed out and illustrated; also the influence of the Appalachian barrier upon Colonial history, and the relation of the westward movement to the physiography of that mountain system; with the geographic con-

ditions of the Louisiana Purchase, of the development of national sea-power, of the spread of population in various directions, and of our growth to a Continental power; also the geography of the Civil War, of the distribution of immigration, cities and industries, railroads, etc. Much in our history is thus presented from a novel point of view, and new light is thrown upon it; all being made clearer by illustrative maps.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**Adams—Some Famous American Schools.** By Oscar Fay Adams. D. Estes & Co. \$1.25.

The schools described and illustrated are Nazareth Hall, the Phillips academies of Andover and Exeter, the Lawrenceville School, St. Mark's, St. Paul's, the Shattuck, Groton, and Belmont Schools; the earliest having been founded in 1759 and the latest in 1885. The book will have special interest for the alumni and present students of the schools, and incidentally as a contribution to educational history.

**Bradley—The Making of English.** By Henry Bradley. Macmillan. \$1.00 net.

A small book, but packed full of matter, illustrating "the excellencies and defects of modern English as an instrument of expression." It is not a formal history of the language, but full of facts bearing upon that history, showing in a style at once popular and scholarly how our grammar has been made, what English owes to foreign tongues, how English words have been composed and derived, how their meanings have changed, and the special share that translators of the Bible, and writers like Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and others have had in developing and enriching our vernacular.

**Lounsbury—The Standard of Pronunciation in English.** By Thos. R. Lounsbury. Professor of English at Yale University. Harper. \$1.50 net.

People of small learning think they know what standard pronunciation of English is, but Professor Lounsbury, who is high authority on the subject, proves that no such standard, in the strict sense of the term, really exists. His discussion of the subject is extremely interesting, and the historical information he gives concerning "pronouncing dictionaries" will be new to many teachers and cultivated people.

**Sherman—Why Love Grows Cold.** By Ellen Burns Sherman. Wessels. 1.25.

Though Stevenson believed that many of us were incapable of being in love, or in hate, or in any other great passion, we all know that we are not of that number. Love is not only the greatest thing in the world; it is the most interesting. So when Ellen Burns Sherman offers to tell us "Why Love Grows Cold," for Love's sake we are impelled to listen, for there are as many ways of loving as there are of writing. Miss Sherman's remarks skim



lightly over the abysses of her theme; she smiles, probably that she may not weep. In love, we do one or the other. This essay is followed by others in the same vein of playful philosophy. "What's in an Eye" discusses that feature in its various aspects and phases. "Between the Lines" chats entertainingly about the psychology of wrinkles, and has a consoling word for those who have them, as well as for those who have not.

"Another kind of false speaking," says the author in an Essay on Lies called "The Devil's Fancy-Work," "is very prevalent among literary critics, who feel an enthusiasm which nothing but fearful superlatives will allay."

If the writer has had experience with this type of literary critic she is to be warmly congratulated and warned against roughly disturbing him when he is in a mood where nothing but superlatives can allay his enthusiasm.

**Welsh—Famous Battles of the Nineteenth Century.** Edited by Charles Welsh. A. Wessels Co. \$1.00 net.

The "battles" include those of Nelson at Copenhagen and Trafalgar, of Napoleon at Austerlitz, Jena, Moscow, and Waterloo; those in our own Barbary States War, some of the naval fights of 1812, the victory of Jackson at New Orleans, the contest with Tecumseh, and other notable military operations on both sides of the Atlantic. The stories are offered to young and old "as incentives to courage and patriotism, not to excite or develop the warlike spirit." They are well told and amply illustrated.

#### PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

**Keller—Optimism.** By Helen Keller. Crowell. 75 cents net.

An essay remarkable alike for its literary merit and for the beautiful spirit it shows; and doubly remarkable as coming from one who, to quote her own words, "once knew the depth where no hope was, and darkness lay on the face of all things,"—a living death, the pessimist would call it, but from which "love came and set the soul free" and it "leaped to the rapture of living."

**Nicoll—The Expositor's Greek Testament.** I. The Second Epistle to the Corinthians. By the Very Rev. J. H. Bernard. II. The Epistle to the Galatians. By Rev. Frederic Rendall. III. The Epistle to the Ephesians. By the Rev. S. O. F. Dalmond, D.D. IV. The Epistle to the Philippians. By the Rev. H. A. A. Kennedy. V. The Epistle to the Colossians. By Prof. A. S. Peake. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$7.50.

Under the general editorship of W. Robertson Nicoll this third volume of the most concise Greek Testament of our day has appeared.

**Palmer—The Nature of Goodness.** By George H. Palmer. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.10.

If every one had to master Professor Palmer's book on goodness, before he began, the Psalmist's declaration might be justified. At the same time it is a fine piece of serious dissertation. It is true that we do not scientifically know what goodness is, and Professor Palmer helps us to get at a clearer notion of it. We do not always see the author's points, as, for instance, when he says that praise implies disparagement. The pleasure we derive from praise comes from the instinct to be distinguished from others. However, we unhesitatingly and strongly commend this book to religious teachers and preachers as a corrective of some common pulpit platitudes and fallacies.

#### TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

**Armstrong—Around the World with a King.** By Wm. N. Armstrong. F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.

The king was the last sovereign of Hawaii, and the author was a member of his cabinet. The tour was made in 1881, and is said to have been the first royal instance of putting a girdle round the earth in that way. The fact that it was a royal progress rendered it in many respects exceptional, and the record of it consequently has more novelty and variety than the average book of European travel. The illustrations are mostly portraits of kings, queens, princes, and princesses, who figure in the narrative.

**Blair and Robertson—The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898.** Edited by Emma H. Blair and James A. Robertson. Cleveland: O. A. H. Clark Co. \$1.50.

Volume XI. of this monumental work (to be completed in fifty-five volumes) on the history of early explorations, descriptions of the islands, their political, economic, commercial, and religious conditions for four centuries, covers the period from 1599 to 1602.

**Howe—Boston: the Place and the People.** By M. A. De Wolfe Howe. Macmillan. \$2.50 net.

Of the many books on Boston this must be reckoned one of the best. It is largely historical, the opening chapters dealing with the city's foundation, its colonial, its provincial, and Revolutionary history. Its growth from town to city is then traced, with its "Boston religion," its work for "the Slave and the Union," its development as a "literary centre," "its men and monuments," and its "modern inheritance." Many details have been touched lightly, but much good matter has been compressed into the moderate compass of the volume, and it is all skilfully and agreeably treated and illustrated.

(For list of Books Received see second page following.)

